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FLIGHT INTO
THE UNKNOWN

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVI. No. 395 (New Series) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IN the afternoon before Mr. Chamberlain announced his decision to fly to Germany, the situation in Czechoslovakia was explosive, but not out of control. On Tuesday, encouraged by Hitler's promise of unconditional support, the Sudeten leaders took the initiative themselves, and organised a sporadic campaign of violence which resulted in the death of twenty persons, mostly Czech policemen. The action was certainly organised according to a set plan, but though the incitement came from Berlin there is good reason to believe the timing of the riots was left to the Sudetens themselves, and that their extent was vastly exaggerated in the world press, particularly by those papers which are open to Nazi influence. By Wednesday evening, in spite of circumstantial reports (from German sources) of pitched battles, the Czechs seem to have restored order. No German troops had arrived, and the expectation of an easy victory, always entertained by the more extreme Sudetens, turned, as on May 21st, into a glum dismay. Meanwhile in Berlin the resignation of General Beck was withheld from publication, but it was widely known that he differed from certain Nazi politicians in his estimate of Germany's capacity to fight a war. Fearing that Hitler would strike, Mr. Chamberlain solved his dilemma by a direct appeal.

The Chamberlain Mission

The Chamberlain mission was undertaken with the knowledge and approval of the French Government. Once again in the desperate game of international bluff France and Britain have recoiled from forcing Hitler to the final decision, with the result that general war is at least in the immediate future less likely, but at a price which we cannot yet estimate. Momentary relief must be mingled with grave anxiety for the future. Prague has received the news with thinly disguised consternation, while the *New York Times* describes the decision as "either a supreme stroke of imaginative statesmanship or a spectacular admission of desperation." Most ominous of all the German press, while continuing its violent abuse of the Czechs, welcomes Mr. Chamberlain's visit with enthusiasm. But apart from the *News-Chronicle* and *Manchester Guardian*, practically the whole of the British press has given the Prime Minister something like a doctor's mandate. The *Times* rejoices that "the two leaders will meet as friendly compeers" and congratulates itself that Mr. Chamberlain has gone with no preconceived plan, while the *Herald* wishes good luck to the Premier, confident that he cannot commit the British people. This attitude would not be so disturbing, were it not for the fact that talk about a plebiscite and frontier revision *without guarantees*, which only a week ago was dismissed as unauthorised, has now found its way into the leader of the *Daily Telegraph*. Did the *Times*

get its wigging for letting the cat out of the bag too soon? Only the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle* seem to be conscious of the danger that a new Hoare-Laval plan may be welcomed uncritically as a contribution to permanent peace.

International Reactions

Before Mr. Chamberlain's decision to go to Berchtesgaden signs were accumulating that in the event of war, Germany would have few friends. Italian policy is always ambiguous. While supporting the demand for a plebiscite, Mussolini has shown no disposition to give Germany military assistance. Only Japan takes a strict anti-Comintern line and announces that she will take military action in support of Hitler. If she did so American neutrality would certainly be short lived. The Polish situation, which is discussed elsewhere in this issue, has been changed by President Moscicki's decree dissolving Parliament. It is not yet clear whether the opposition will boycott the election as it did in 1935, but it is clear that the President's action is a sign of public dislike of the pro-German policy of Colonel Beck, and that the peasants, who are strongly anti-Nazi, are also protesting against intolerable conditions on the land. Rumania has again indicated that she would not tolerate armed aggression on Czechoslovakia, and though she does not agree to open her frontier to the Russians, she has stated her readiness to allow Russian material, bought by the Czechs, to pass through her territory. It is the tragedy of British policy that this movement of collective defence only comes when war appears imminent. If the British Government had based its appeal, not on alliance with France, but on the principle of resistance to aggression, this collective attitude among the non-Fascist States would have been clearly defined at an earlier stage and the crisis might have been prevented. As it is, the growing unity is likely again to disintegrate once immediate pressure is removed.

The League Meets

While the statesmen were trying by private conference to prevent aggression against a League member, the League Assembly had opened quietly at Geneva. Mr. Jourdain, the acting president, welcomed Mr. de Valera to the chair and in a moving speech advocated the total abolition of aerial bombardment. How low the League's authority has sunk was shown by his closing words in which he stated that he would not discuss the immediate crisis "for fear of adding to the perplexities of those who to-day bear such heavy responsibilities." After this tragic admission of impotence, the Assembly went on to discuss the sanctions Article of the Covenant. Dr. Patijn, speaking for Holland, summed up the attitude of the smaller nations in his remark that, since the Great Powers had reverted to the balance of power and abandoned collective security, his country must return to the pre-war policy of neutrality. The next piece of business on the agenda was the appeal of China for League action on her behalf. This is certain to be shelved, and the black-out which the Swiss Government has arranged for September 27th, as part of its "A.R.P." programme, will provide a fitting commentary on the Session.

The Wars in Progress

News from the wars actually in progress is on the whole satisfactory. In Spain, after a fortnight's relentless insurgent attacks, the infantry fighting on the Ebro salient has died down, leaving the Government forces substantially in their chosen positions. Heavy wastage in casualties would appear to be creating serious difficulties for the rebel command. In China the "pincers" of the Japanese offensive against Hankow have so far failed to close. In the north a number of Japanese columns have succeeded in advancing through Honan Province towards the Peking-Hankow railway, but they have not yet reached the main Chinese positions defending this section of the line, and they are exposed to flanking attack from the considerable Chinese concentrations at Chengchow. In the Yangtse area the Japanese advance is equally slow, and frequent Chinese counter-offensives suggest that the morale of the defenders is still good. Even if Hankow falls before winter under the pressure of superior mechanised forces, backed by overwhelming artillery, there is no indication that the end of the war will have been brought much nearer for Japan than it was brought by the capture of Nanking.

Action for Spain

The Labour Spain Committee, acting with a number of local Labour Parties, has called a conference on the international situation with special reference to Spain. It has done what the Labour Party's Executive ought itself to have done some time ago. Unless the Opposition rouses itself to exceptional effort, it will awaken too late to stop one of the most ironical infamies in history. On the plea of saving democracy in Central Europe, they will have sacrificed it in Spain. The armed blackmailer in Rome, if it comes to war, will trade his neutrality to the highest bidder. Does anyone doubt that Mr. Chamberlain will give him without reluctance an even freer hand in Spain? This the Opposition, Labour and Liberal, could stop by a plain refusal to give unqualified support to a government that betrays Spain. If the leadership is unequal to this act of firmness, then the rank and file must act on its own initiative. Since no fewer than 190 local Labour Parties have asked for an emergency conference, we may presume that this unofficial assembly will be well attended. We like the conveners' suggestion of simultaneous demonstrations to be held within working hours on a working day, and even better the proposal that the Labour Movement should break the ban on aid for Spain by itself sending anti-aircraft guns and other arms to the Republic.

President Roosevelt's Opponents

It looks as though first impressions of the probable results of President Roosevelt's active intervention in the primary elections may have to be modified. The voting this week suggests that his campaign against "reactionary" Democratic candidates is meeting with more reverses than seemed likely a fortnight ago. Maine has stayed loyal, as was expected, to its traditional Republican allegiance; in Maryland an anti-New Deal candidate has been nominated to run for the senatorship; and in Georgia Mr. Roosevelt's strenuous endeavours to prevent the renomination of conservative Senator George are by all accounts doomed to failure. These rebuffs to the President appear to be due not so much to popular opposition to the New Deal—still less to the immediate

gratifying flow of pump-priming Federal funds—as to the difficulty of breaking down local vested political interests. The United States has not yet learned to divide its party loyalties along conservative versus liberal lines.

Official Secrets

The annual conference of the Institute of Journalists, held at Keswick this week, passed a resolution calling upon the Government to amend the Official Secrets Act and restrict its application to cases involving the safety of the realm. This was, beyond dispute, Parliament's original intention when the existing legislation was enacted; and the conference rightly declined to rest content with the assurance which the Home Secretary has given, that the Attorney-General in future will grant his fiat to initiate proceedings only when information of "serious public importance" has been revealed. This question-begging phrase gives the police far too much latitude, and the attitude adopted by the authorities in recent instances is not reassuring. Mr. Norman Robson told the conference of a hitherto unreported case in which two Lobby correspondents were hauled before the Attorney-General and asked to reveal from what source they had obtained information regarding some pending coal legislation. The real answer, which they properly declined at the time to give, was that the "secret" had been revealed by a Member of Parliament at a small meeting of his constituents far from London. No prosecution was launched in that instance, but it is absurd that the Secrets Act should even be invoked *in terrorem* in connection with the perfectly legitimate collection of political news which can be in no way "helpful to the enemy" or harmful to the State.

The Wheat Act

The Wheat Commission has just issued a report on the working of the Wheat Act since its passage in 1932. Of all the numerous measures designed to buttress home agriculture, this Act is open to the least serious objections on the score of method, and it has also the advantage of including an automatic limit on the acreage towards which the consumer can be compelled to pay subsidy at the full rate. There are, no doubt, persons who argue that nothing should have been done to arrest the decline of British arable farming, and that such help as can be given to agriculture should be directed rather to increasing the supply of milk and of the higher-priced foodstuffs rather than of wheat. But as against this view it can reasonably be argued that the Wheat Act was a moderate measure designed rather to check an abnormal flight from arable farming in consequence of the world depression than to increase the acreage under wheat or even to maintain it at a permanently uneconomic level. From this point of view, the extension last year from six to eight million quarters of the crop entitled to subsidy at the full rate was economically unjustifiable; and it would also be undesirable to raise the guaranteed price above the present 45*s*. It is, of course, true that the effect of the Act has been to cause some diversion of arable land from barley and oats to wheat-growing, so that the restoration of the wheat crop to the pre-war level has not prevented a serious decline in the total arable acreage or in the number of workers on the land. The Wheat Act does very little to solve the British agricultural problem; but on balance it has probably done, so far, rather more good than harm.

The Trades Union Congress in Retrospect

The Trades Union Congress went on its appointed way with no surprises. The results of the election left the personnel of the General Council to all intents and purposes unchanged, as under the present system of block-voting by industrial groups it is practically certain to be—for in effect the big Unions simply nominate their leading figures to the various places. There was no real challenge from the floor to the platform on any matter of economic policy; and no success attended the attempt to persuade Congress to make a renewed effort to bring the Russian Trade Unions into the I.F.T.U., in which their vast membership would inevitably give them a position of predominance in view of the shrunken size of the movement in Western Europe. Only on international issues did the Congress show any strong feeling—especially over Spain; and on the Spanish issue probably rank and file opinion did push the leaders farther than they would have gone of themselves. Over Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, they probably needed no pushing; the situation itself was impelling them as fast as they were able to go. Altogether, the Congress bore out what we said of it last week—that there is no sign of the Trade Unions issuing any sort of decisive challenge to British capitalism, or even launching any concerted movement for unionising the new industries or effecting a general advance in minimum wage-levels for the less skilled grades of workers.

Freethinkers in Conference

It was significant that, at the International Free Thought demonstration on Sunday, the delegates from Spain and Czechoslovakia got much bigger ovations than the British speakers, and that the references in all the speeches to the need for defending democracy and free speech against Fascist onslaughts raised much more enthusiasm than anything of an "anti-God" tendency. Indeed, apart from a few voices from the past reciting ancient creeds, the speakers seemed bent much less on attacking God, or even the Churches, than on calling upon all decent people to rally to the cause of human freedom. Professor Hogben, for example, and other speakers emphasised that free-thought as a merely negative creed was doomed to failure, and that what was needed was a freedom of thought wide enough to prescribe for the diseases of the age, and to lay the foundations for a new age of plenty. The Conference, indeed, was by no means confined to disbelievers in God. It included many who would repudiate the description of atheists, and many more who regard the battle against the tyranny of organised religion as over, except in a few backward countries, and the battle against authoritarian Fascism as being the really living conflict of to-day. Rationalists were adjured, again and again, to remember that for the founders of the movement, such as Robert Owen, the attack on organised religion was but a small part of the rationalist gospel, which was essentially a war against injustice and oppression of every sort, and a demand for a society rationally organised on a basis of human brotherhood and world-wide co-operation in the cause of happiness.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

A FLIGHT INTO THE UNKNOWN

SINCE the world was apparently staggering into war on Wednesday night the first and natural reaction to the announcement of Mr. Chamberlain's initiative was renewal of hope and a sigh of relief. His visit to Hitler showed an unusual courage and a pleasing willingness to depart from those traditional forms of diplomatic intercourse which have become completely futile when employed by the old demo-plutocracies in dealing with the new dictatorships. Frantic efforts had been made on the part of the British Government during the last week-end to make sure that its point of view ever reached the Führer's ears. Now at last we may feel a certain satisfaction in the assurance that Mr. Chamberlain is speaking direct to Hitler, and whatever misgivings we may have, we may hope that he will be blunt enough to impress on the Führer that the mass of English people have reached the point of saying that the armed aggression of Germany is no longer tolerable. On this score at least Mr. Chamberlain's visit is to be welcomed.

But this, unfortunately, is only one side of the picture. A united stand of the democratic forces seemed possible on Wednesday; if they stood together and Hitler realised it, there was at least a good chance of extracting concessions from Germany, instead of continuing the excessive and dangerous pressure that has been recently brought to bear on Prague. What will be the effect of Mr. Chamberlain's visit? Will he now succeed in putting pressure on Hitler? We recall that Austria had been on the brink of war when Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden; that through all Hitler's amazing career one cannot remember him making a bargain, adhering to a concession that he has made, or accepting a rebuff, except once at the hand of the Duce, whose brusqueness the Führer fully revenged two years later. Berchtesgaden is an ill-omened place.

Let us picture for a moment the interview between these two men. Hitler sits on the throne of power, with his millions of armed men around him, his obsessions unchanging and his cunning unimpaired. Long years of struggle with opponents of the Left and of the Right have made him a master of the arts of blackmail and cajolery. With opponents of the Left his method is to strike when they are helpless or bide his time until they are. In crushing and humiliating Conservatives and Liberals his methods are more refined. On some occasions he gives them no chance of making their case at all; he overwhelms them with words so that they come away terrified and demoralised. But the Führer's feminine intuition may lead him to judge that Mr. Chamberlain is of tougher stuff and that this is not the moment openly to insult the British Prime Minister and the British Empire. He has a second method. He knows that Mr. Chamberlain has a civilised fear of war and is a man of property open to the illusions of the anti-Bolshevik myth, and that he is willing to barter Spanish democracy and has no deep concern for Czechoslovakia's integrity. Therefore in dealing with Mr. Chamberlain the Führer may only have to camouflage a joint betrayal of the democratic cause by phrases about peace and by compliments to Britain, and perhaps promises of that Four-Power Pact which has so long been dear to Mr. Chamberlain's heart. Will Mr. Chamberlain remember in this unfavourable atmosphere that England stands for the idea of democracy and liberty and that not all the cards are in the Führer's hands—that the Reichswehr is so much against war in Germany's still half-prepared position that General Beck has resigned, that the German population is now terrified and of uncertain loyalty in a war and that Hitler, imposing though he seems, may himself go over the abyss if there is war? Will Mr. Chamberlain recall that the Führer's speech on Monday was full of denunciation of Britain, and its gist was the old blackmail threat to the democracies that unless they bend wholly to the will of the Fascist dictators they, too, are to be classed as Bolsheviks, Jew-ridden, pestilential opponents of the might of National Socialism, to be dismembered and broken up in common with the Czechs and other riff-raff which stand in the Führer's way?

From Berchtesgaden, then, we expect fine phrases which will enable Mr. Chamberlain to come back from Berlin like a former British Premier, bringing "peace with honour." But the people of Britain will wish to examine the substance of any proposals that Mr. Chamberlain brings and expect Parliament to have the opportunity of discussing them. To-day their first thoughts will be for Czechoslovakia. The stories of violence begun in the Sudeten areas have mostly come through German sources and have been greatly exaggerated, but it is clear that the events of the last few days were marching according to a plan finally decided upon perhaps as late as Sunday night. The real intention of Britain to stand by France and the Czechs seems at the last moment to have reached the Führer. Perhaps he meant to launch a definite demand for a plebiscite. Instead of that he merely referred in general terms to the right of self-determination, a democratic phrase to trap democrats, and instead of welcoming the Czech proposals as a far-reaching concession, instead of commending them to the Sudetens as deserving consideration, he invited the Sudetens to violence by giving them on a blank cheque the promise of Germany's armed help. The Nuremberg speech was not in itself a German ultimatum, but it was the step leading to the ultimatum which has since come from Henlein. If Hitler's real concern had been for the "tortured" Sudetens, he would not have made that speech, but of course his objectives in the devil's game of power politics go far beyond the Sudeten land, even beyond that Prague which Rosenberg claims is a Germanic city. It may now be assumed that, however the offer is couched, the real alternatives he will put before Mr. Chamberlain are some form of a plebiscite or more "spontaneous" violence by the Sudeten Germans necessitating German assistance and leading gradually into that world war from which we all shrink.

For the plebiscite proposal there is nothing whatever to be said—we saw that in 1919, when the Germans rightly protested against their injustice and again in 1938 in Austria. There is little to choose between them when one Power has overwhelming force on its side. Hitler preferred the invasion of Austria to Dr. Schuschnigg's plebiscite because in the form which he proposed it, the Nazis would have been unlikely to get a majority. In the Sudeten areas to-day when a vote showed more than 80 per cent. majority for Henlein and where the Nazi fanatics are now in the ascendency and the Social Democrats subjected to terrorism, a plebiscite could be no less farcical than those

imposed on a defeated Germany. If the Treaty of Versailles is to be altered under the pressure of Germany's big battalions, let us be honest about it. We hope that Mr. Chamberlain will at least spare us this democratic eye-wash and prefer the method of openly saying that rather than immediate war he proposes a German settlement of the Czechoslovak problem. In that case we should ask him what guarantee he brought us that one cession would not be followed by another and that the Czechs would not be left to the mercy of the Nazis, when perhaps in a few months' time Hitler again thinks that the time is ripe. Is it possible to produce a joint guarantee of all the Powers which would safeguard the Czechs and enable them to protect the minorities in their midst, allow them to exist as an economic unit and to preserve their political independence? Would Mr. Chamberlain be prepared for England to play her full part in such a guarantee?

A.R.P.

IN the course of his terrific book* Professor Haldane remarks:

> A few British bombs on German towns (which I hope and trust will never be dropped) would do more to counteract the real and deep anti-war feeling which still exists in Germany than any amount of Nazi propaganda. After some years they might produce war-weariness, but the example of Spain has shown that the bombing of civilians is most unlikely to win a war outright, and, on the contrary, serves to prolong it.

With this view I entirely concur, and it is partly because, apart from its other disadvantages, the method of counter-bombing is so inefficient a remedy for the menace of Fascism, that I have so often urged the claims of propaganda in preference to those of offensive armaments as the right democratic weapon. In any case, whether or not there is war with Germany, an immense propaganda campaign to explain to the German people how Hitler has brought them to their present pass should be the first line of our defence.

Professor Haldane is concerned with the second line of defence—the protection of the civilian against air attack. He has seen and studied the effects of mass slaughter from the air in Spain, and his book is at once an expert and objective examination of the possibilities of protection against air attack and a strong and fully justified onslaught on the British Government which has made the martyrdom of the Spanish people possible and our own martyrdom probable. No one is likely to read this book without feeling that here at least is a man of courage, who has faced the grimmest realities the world has known and risen above their crushing difficulties. His exposure of the present A.R.P. proposals, written with biting restraint, is unanswerable. Where the Government's proposals are sensible and adequate he says so; but on most counts he shows them to be the merest amateurish trifling. The truth of the matter, of course, is that the problem has completely overwhelmed the existing British ruling class. Professor Haldane has interesting things to say about why capitalists are likely to recommend one type of air-raid precaution which brings profits and unlikely to recommend another which involves control of industry, a planned scheme of protection and democratic control.

I need not here repeat the facts about air bombardment. It is enough to realise that Spanish experience shows that even where there is reasonable protection, 500 aeroplanes each dropping two tons of bombs would, on the average, kill 20,000 people, and that there are still no public bomb-proof shelters in London or any of the big provincial towns. In comparison with this problem defence against incendiary bombs and gas (where are those gas masks to be handed out in good time before an "emergency"?) is comparatively unimportant. Professor Haldane outlines a scheme which in his view would make England relatively safe in two years, and he suggests practical steps which could be carried out immediately. His proposals for shelters alone would cost 400 million pounds, which is about a quarter of what we are proposing to spend on rearmament in the next few years. He has much excellent advice about digging of trenches in parks and gardens and other similar practical matters.

Professor Haldane's proposals are based on a psychological judgment of very great importance. He writes:

> The vast majority of people, including myself, after being in one or two air-raids, have an overwhelming and irrational desire to get underground during one. And this is so even if the shelter is quite inadequate. A few people are immune from this.

I expect that this is true, but it is of great importance that it should be established beyond a doubt before Professor Haldane's scheme is adopted. I do not know whether I am one of the few who are immune from this tendency to burrow, or whether my own intense dislike of going to earth in an air-raid is due to my comparatively small experience of air bombardment. I have never felt Professor Haldane's urge, nor have I noticed it amongst my companions in air-raids. My experience is, as I say, strictly limited. I was in many air-raids in France in 1917–1918, in a considerable one recently in Valencia, and there were five in the district of Barcelona the last time I was there. My instinct was to get into the open if possible, perhaps with the feeling that if a bomb got me that was the end of it, and that I preferred such an end to the possibility of being buried alive or crushed in a crowd such as so many of us remember in the Tube during the last war. I certainly agree with Professor Haldane's criticism of the list of things which the official A.R.P. instructions bid one to take into a shelter. They do not include a pickaxe, which I should find as important as food. It may well be, as I say, that my claustrophobia is exceptional or that it would disappear if the only open spaces available were places on which houses might fall, and if the bombs were of the terrific calibre now being used by Germany and Italy in Spain. Probably the answer depends on the real security of the shelters. If they are sufficiently far underground and the number of people buried by direct hits reassuringly small, we may all become like troglodytes, or like the people of Castellon, who were captured alive by Franco when the town fell, because they had burrowed deeply and safely beneath their city. I note one omission in Professor Haldane's suggestions. He remarks on the fact that modern bombs actually break the eardrums of those in the neighbourhood, and in any case that the noise has a stunning effect. In his review of Mr. Langdon Davies' book in this journal he approved of the suggestion that all the population should be provided with cotton wool for their ears. He appears to have forgotten this point, which I regard as very important, in this present book.

Professor Haldane's book comes two years too late. That only means that we must lose no more time. In a sentence his thesis is that our rulers have utterly failed to face the problem of protecting the population they have been leading into war, that they still concentrate on offensive weapons to the neglect of home defence, and that there is a practical defence policy which our rulers can be forced to adopt. We have to realise that adequate protection can only be achieved by a vast and democratic national effort, which would involve something like a revolution in England. A.R.P. on the necessary scale must be democratic. It cannot be imposed from above, it must be done with national money but with local effort. It must exclude the profiteer and it involves the coercion of big business in the interests of the community. Again and again Professor Haldane draws the moral of his experience in Spain. Why is this possible in democratic Spain and impossible here? Merely because people in Spain are conscious of the cause that they are fighting for and dying for. The Government sets an example of courage; it is their own Government and they trust it. The present A.R.P. handbooks are clearly devised by people who are mainly anxious to avoid panic and who think to prevent it by childish expedients, none

* *A.R.P.* By J. B. S. Haldane. Gollancz. 7*s.* 6*d.*

of which would survive the test of a single severe raid. The only satisfaction that one gets out of the possibility of war is the thought of the universal revolt that there would be amongst ordinary people against proposals that seem to envisage the arterial roads filled with private cars, taking the well-to-do to their country seats complete with Pekinese and servants (the pets are specially mentioned). What fury there will be with the Government when the East End discovers that a single large bomb amongst slums round the docks will destroy a couple of streets and some hundreds of people, while those who live in concrete houses and can dig trenches in their gardens or construct shelters beneath them may be almost immune except from a direct hit! The next war will be explosive in more senses than one.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A LONDON DIARY

LISTENING in to Hitler's speech on Monday, I felt like an invisible intruder at a savage tribal ceremony. For twenty minutes before the speech began, we were worked up to complete emotional surrender. The Wagnerian ecstasy of drums and soaring brass enveloped speaker and audience in a thick atmosphere through which the whisper of Hess could just be heard: "He is coming; he mounts the platform; he raises the hand." The acolyte announced the presence of the man god, and at last he spoke. Once again the strangely feminine contralto voice fumbled for the mood of the audience. As usual for the first quarter of an hour, Hitler spoke hurriedly, halting often and swallowing the middle of his sentences. "National Socialism . . . 1921 . . . workers . . . spiritual leadership"; the general drift was clear—the miraculous growth of the party. But he was still feeling for the right note, and the audience was faintly restive. At last he found it, his voice rose to a shriek. "Against us were united the forces of Jewish capital and Marxism; we stood alone, insulted and betrayed, imprisoned and scourged—the lonely defenders of the German people." Then a pause and suddenly a shout of rage. "What we suffered then inside Germany, we suffer now abroad. Now world democracy and Bolshevism try to strangle our people—but again we shall prevail." As if beckoned by a conductor, the chorus responded with a ponderous "Sieg Heil" of tribal hate.

* * *

Those Englishmen who still trust Hitler to protect them against Bolshevism should observe this thesis, that as anyone who opposed the party before 1933 was an ally of Bolshevism, so now any State which opposes Germany's national aims is infected with the Jewish virus and must be smashed. The same tactics which gave him power in Germany will be used to give him power in Europe. Nowhere was there greater applause than when he attacked Jewish democracies which use their civilising bombs to bring freedom to their colonials and threaten war in defence of their plutocratic interests. The *Times* complains that Hitler did not recognise England's efforts for peace. On Monday he made it clear that he will offer to England what he offered to Schleicher and Hagenberg, toleration if we do his dirty work for him, and something stronger if we fail. Some commentators expressed disappointment that the speech was not more precise. Hitler never discloses his tactics, leaving them to be decided at the moment of action. What he does proclaim is his strategy. The first precise message of Monday's speech was that he considers himself strong enough now to mix threats with his wooing of French and British conservatism. His insults to the Czechs and his incitements to violence were routine trivialities compared with his triumphant assertion that the new fortifications were his answer to the suggestion that British firmness had stopped him on May 21st. This statement got more applause than any other. But it was followed by another of even greater significance. Strangely neglected by the press, his climax was a reference to the return of the Crown Jewels of the Holy Roman Empire to Nuremberg. Nazi Germany, he cried, is new but it is also old. Dynasties come and go and for long the Germanic Roman Empire slept. But the people awakes! We should do well to mark this piece of history-making well, for it is a typical Hitlerian declaration of policy. For the first time he has openly proclaimed that he aspires not only to free all German peoples, but to regain European paramountcy. We should view the Czech crisis in this perspective.

* * *

In the days of tension just before Hitler's speech, it was horrifying to hear that the British Ambassador in Berlin had not been personally received by Hitler. If everything he had to say went through Ribbentrop and his friends, who hate England and believe firmly in British decadence, there was small chance of the British Government's message ever reaching the Führer's ears undistorted. Confirmation of these fears reaches me in a well-informed explanation of Lord Brocket's mysterious dash from Nuremberg, where he was staying as a guest of Hitler, by air to London last week. According to my informant, Lord Brocket was taking tea with Hitler and conversation turned inevitably to the Czech crisis. Hitler remarked conversationally that he hoped and assumed that Great Britain would disinterest herself in the event of a resort to armed intervention in Czechoslovakia. Upon Lord Brocket's replying that in his belief the Führer would be making a very grave mistake if he were to act upon this assumption, Hitler protested that his advisers had assured him that England's non-intervention might be taken for granted. Lord Brocket, firmly but tactfully, said that he understood the British Ambassador's instructions to have been couched in unequivocal terms and to have been delivered in the clearest possible manner. He repeated his own conviction that England could in no circumstances remain neutral in the event of war. The Führer declared that this was the first time such an attitude on the part of Britain had been made clear to him, and left the room disconcerted and obviously annoyed. Rumours of a subsequent explosion of fury and a harangue of those advisers responsible for misleading him are so far unconfirmed, and the story that Field-Marshal Göring was dismissed from Hitler's presence with instructions to make no further appearance at the Nuremberg Conference, and that he retired to a sickbed in consequence, is probably apocryphal. In any case, Lord Brocket was so impressed by his conversation that he left by plane post haste for London to report to Mr. Chamberlain.

* * *

There are strong indications that M. Pierre Cot, the recent French Minister of Air and a foremost champion of the collective security idea in France, is marked down by the Fascists to be murdered at outbreak of war, as Jaurès was in 1914. *Gringoire*, the French Fascist weekly, recently said that "he ought to be shot." The cry was taken up in the official Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* and in Göring's organ, the *National Zeitung*, and in two Italian papers, the *Popolo d'Italia* and the *Informazione Diplomatica*. Then came the *Action Française*, whose main charge in several incredibly violent attacks is that he is the *saboteur* of French aviation. The climax came when he was singled out for special denunciation in Hitler's speech. The charge here was some recent remarks of his on Czechoslovakia; he had not of course in fact said what Hitler said he said. He was to speak this week at a meeting near Sedan, but changed his plans—perhaps fortunately, for crowds of infuriated followers of the *Action Française* were ready to welcome him with a violent demonstration. I gather that he is now under strict police protection.

* * *

Report after report reaches me of the disastrous effects of Mr. Chamberlain's policy on opinion in the United States. My latest informant knows America well; he was there when Sir John Simon rebuffed Mr. Stimson at the beginning of the Manchurian crisis; again when the Laval-Hoare proposals alienated the new sympathy Britain had won by Sir

Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva, and again this year when the proposed Anglo-Italian agreement profoundly shocked almost every section of opinion. The last shock was, he says, the greatest of all. No doubt opinion would change again; a few headlines about London in flames would assuredly undo much of Mr. Chamberlain's work, but it seems curious that we should have to wait for that. Among the many signs of Mr. Chamberlain's unpopularity, my friend adds that the most enthusiastically cheered item in *Pins and Needles* to which I referred last week is a turn in which Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini and a Japanese general sing together:

> Four little angels of peace are we
> Reeking with odour of sanctity.

After which Chamberlain is clubbed by the Rome-Berlin axis in the middle of a speech about the British Empire. Later, the Rome-Berlin axis itself falls to fighting, and Chamberlain and the Japanese general (who has also been clubbed) crawl out—not quite dead. My friend reports that the first question asked him at lectures was about Mr. Chamberlain's pro-Fascist policy.

* * *

It was impossible to know Professor Alexander without loving him. His writings were distinguished contributions to academic speculation, but his greatness—and he was a great man—did not appear in his books. In life, Alexander was the philosopher, the nearest I've ever known to the ideal type of philosopher saint made real in the flesh. With his magnificent beard, his haphazard dress and his detachment (which deafness increased), he was at first rather terrifying, until the gentle shrewdness of an odd remark put you suddenly at your ease. He lived in an ugly little villa with extreme simplicity. He spent most of his salary in providing for other people. Is it a myth that he arrived by train for an academic function in full, if dishevelled, evening dress, and replied, when his host for the night inquired where his luggage was: "I hate dragging these clothes about and, if I have to do so, I put them on over my pyjamas"? Like Einstein, he combined complete philosophic detachment and intellectual integrity with an utter simplicity of character. Like Einstein too, he would have been a victim of racial purity in a Fascist England.

* * *

The English mind works in a mysterious way, writes a correspondent. On Tuesday we were busy with an insignificant municipal by-election. For a week we had failed to arouse the slightest interest or to attract anyone except children to our street-corner meetings. That evening, with the crisis in our minds, we could hardly persuade ourselves to set to work. But as darkness fell, a miracle seemed to happen in the warm night. Out from every house on the Council Estate we were working the people came and stood quietly listening 30 or 40 yards away. Speaking about drains and street-lighting and aldermanic honours, I felt an intolerable sense of futility. But there was no doubt; people really were interested, and not even passing buses disturbed them. Slowly I began to realise that the international situation was driving them into politics. Though we never mentioned Czechoslovakia or Spain, a working woman whispered to me: "We can't do anything about them over there, but it does make you feel we ought to get on with things here, even if they are small things. Anyhow that is how I feel."

* * *

Three examples of Hitler's effect in England. During his speech on Monday night a seven-year-old boy, woken up by the wireless, rushed downstairs terrified and cried: "Stop that horrible woman screaming." At a radio shop, I got a young man to switch on to Hitler's speech. He seemed surprised when I explained that I wanted to know whether we were to be blown up or not. He said: "Oh, that's all newspaper talk, isn't it? Anyway it's no good thinking about it. If a man hits you on the nose, you hit back, but you don't worry till he does." On Sunday at a small seaport I bought a paper remarking, as I saw the news, that things looked pretty desperate. Puzzled, the newsvendor stared at the sunshine and then at me. Then he saw I was looking at the headlines. "Oh, this war talk," he said, "I can't see what they're getting at. I suppose they got in there some time." It was my turn to be puzzled. "You are talking about the Germans, aren't you?" he said. "Some of them seem to have got into Czechoslovakia." I explained briefly and said it might mean a world war. He said: "It really seems a pity, doesn't it?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. W. R. Burrows.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Miss Kershaw's photograph will replace that of another girl originally selected to appear on a prize-winning A.R.P. poster. It was later discovered that the first photograph might not be that of an English-woman.

An official of the Woman's Voluntary Service for A.R.P. said yesterday:

"Miss Kershaw is typically British, with hair that is not too dark and not too light, blue eyes, and open, direct expression. She is essentially a sensible type of girl, and is of no noticeable age. Also, she is not too provocative."

When it was pointed out that Miss Kershaw was wearing make-up and brightly-tinted finger-nails, the official said: "Her face is basically very British, whatever she may do to it superficially."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A new national song which will save Britain, copy sent free.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

The local Salvation Army Corps on Thursday week entertained the officers of the surrounding corps. It was a unique occasion as it was only the second time.—*Cambridge Independent Press and Chronicle.*

I hope you people are recording Howard Marshall's commentaries. It would be a crime against posterity if those superb cadences were to be lost.

When he says "young Hutton" or "this truly *magnificent* score" or "England are on top of the world," there is a thrill as of far-away trumpets in his voice. More, there is the old Flag of England, King Henry's speech before Harfleur, the Grand Fleet following George the Sixth out to sea, and the proud tears of Diana Wynyard in *Cavalcade.*—Letter in *Radio Times.*

THE POLISH PARADOX

[The following article, which was written before the decision to hold elections in Poland, analyses the policy and attitude of the different parties.]

IT's no good blaming everything on Colonel Beck. Polish foreign policy would undoubtedly have followed much the same lines, which have so disturbed western Liberals, under almost any other Foreign Minister. Given Poland's social set-up, a poverty-stricken peasantry ruled by a combination of bureaucrats, feudal landowners and military, no other *Realpolitik* appears likely. Add to that the weakness of Poland's strategic position between the two great Powers of Germany and Russia, plus the ferment of large minorities—Ukrainian, White Ruthenian, Jewish and German—and you can perceive why Poland hesitates to take a bold line against her more aggressive neighbour.

The truth is that, apart from these weaknesses, Poland has not the military strength to fill the role of anti-Fascism's front line champion, which so many advocates of collective security would like her to play. On the surface, Poland's large army and reserve of man-power look formidable, and the fact that over half the Government's budget is devoted to military expenditures rather impressive. But on closer exami-

nation the Polish defence force fails to measure up to the standards of modern warfare. Motorisation and mechanisation rate far below that of other European armies. The air force is twenty years behind the times. But Poland makes the worst showing in the most important factor of all—war potential. Poland's industry stands at a very low level of development and the raw materials that feed it come largely from abroad. Also the French loans of two years ago have pushed the ambitious schemes for industrial mobilisation only a few steps ahead. Thus there is but one automobile factory in the country (Czechoslovakia has six). The new airplane factories have largely a paper value; on investigation one of the most widely advertised of these factories turned out to have only sixteen employees. And so on. Poland, in fact, by all military standards would prove but a frail reed for democratic countries to lean upon. No one knows this better than the military men who run the Government.

And because these men are Generals and because none of them is a Pilsudski there stands out no strong figure or group on which a strong and fearless political Government can rise. The legend of Marshal Smigly-Rydz as a new Pilsudski has completely collapsed, and this military figure has turned out to be merely a weak puppet in the hands of a Government group of Generals and Colonels. The old " Generals versus Colonels " theory, which once enabled commentators to classify Polish political tendencies, no longer has any validity. Generals have turned " Colonel " and vice versa. Finally, to the further disappointment of political theorists, Poland, with the failure of the pre-Fascist Camp of National Unity, has not turned Fascist and shows few signs of doing so.

The political situation, then, is a muddle, and it is difficult to describe it in any coherent terms. The best interpretation seems to be as follows. The Government, composed of reactionary—but as yet not Fascist—army leaders and bureaucrats, keeps in power by balancing itself delicately on an equilibrium of the forces of the extreme Right and extreme Left. This Government fears that free parliamentary elections would result in its complete rout. But it likewise fears Fascism, which might turn Poland into a puppet of Germany. Therefore, it postpones parliamentary elections as long as it can, and maintains a simulacrum of democratic government. The Government sits solemnly in the Sejm, which the Socialist, Peasant and extreme Right parties boycott. On the one hand, it gives the Fascist elements some rope, allowing students to stone Jewish shops during the Lithuanian crisis. On the other hand, it handles the Left rather gingerly. It never sends the army (composed of sons of peasants) against peasant demonstrations; it relies on the urbanised, well-paid police force for such duties. In short, the Government seems determined to avoid any incident which might start a general conflagration.

With such a teeter-totter Government in office the foreign policy becomes understandable. While it has achieved a sort of balance of power within in spite of its weakness, because of its weakness it has yielded to the lack of balance of power across its borders. While the military power of Germany grew each year, the power of Russia waned. True, Russian military power grew, but Moscow used it to back up a policy of collective security, and this policy was impaired by the weak attitude of France and Britain. Warsaw, therefore, drew nearer to Berlin. It was simply a case of the inert mass of Poland being polarised in the direction of the more powerful magnet.

But not without some reservations on the part of Colonel Beck. In justice to the Foreign Minister, his policy while serving Germany's ends has also been aimed at keeping Poland from complete dependence on Germany. He has flirted with the idea of a Five-Power European pact, with Poland holding the balance between the forces of Germany and Italy on the one hand and France and Britain on the other. Also, he has tried to foster a Baltic-Black Sea axis, uniting the little Baltic republics with Poland and Rumania in a string of alliances as a buffer between Russia and Germany. In the last year he has done a lot of travelling between Riga and Bucarest.

But since he carries in his suitcase few bargaining counters, he has met with little success. Esthonia and Latvia remain coy. Poland is not strong enough to replace Russia as their protector against Germany. Lithuania, traditionally anti-Polish, stays sulky. She fears Poland as much as she does Germany. Rumania, for her part, while keeping up her alliance with Poland, has maintained an attitude of reserve. King Carol last year went to Warsaw and was impressed by the imposing parade of Polish troops. But he also visited Czechoslovakia and was more impressed by the chimneys of Skoda. In short, the inherent weakness of Poland prevents Colonel Beck's diplomacy from succeeding.

In Warsaw most observers agree that Beck's attempt to pull Rumania away from Czechoslovakia has failed. The talks between the Rumanian and Polish staffs in April appear to have broken down on the most vital point. Poland wanted Rumania to promise not to permit Russian troops to pass through Rumanian territory to Czechoslovakia in case of war. Rumania refused to commit herself. According to a story current in Warsaw, the Czechoslovak crisis in May brought this matter to a test. At that time a squadron of Russian bombers flew to Prague and neither Poland nor Rumania even raised a protest. As the bombers were supposed to have flown over the Polish-Rumanian frontier at a great height both sides could plead indifference. Each could say that the planes actually flew over the other's territory. However that may be, it seems evident that the Rumanian-Polish bloc has decidedly tapered off.

Lacking bargaining power in diplomacy, Beck has turned to threats. For one thing, he bullied Lithuania last March—and scored a success. For another, he joined Germany in her campaign against Czechoslovakia. With the Polish minority in Teschen as a pretext, the Polish Government over the past two years has consistently launched bitter attacks on Czechoslovakia. The attacks have increased in direct ratio to the German propaganda against Czechoslovakia, reaching a crescendo in a demand for the break-up of " the patchwork State," following the Anschluss.

The crisis of May 21st brought into high relief the real attitude of Poland on this dangerous problem. Judging from her reactions to the events of that date, Poland's policy in case of war over Czechoslovakia will probably take the following form. (1) If Germany should attack Czechoslovakia and France and Russia remain aloof, Poland would join Germany and seek to win some spoils. (2) If France and Russia should come to Czechoslovakia's aid, Poland, in spite of her old alliance with France, would remain neutral. (3) Finally, if Britain should join France and Russia in a general war on Germany, then and then only would Poland honour her obligations to France and move against Germany. Poland's silent, watchful-waiting policy in the present crisis follows this same pattern. It is a pretty hard-boiled policy.

Talking with official circles in June, I found that this hard-boiled attitude had not softened, May 21st notwithstanding. Official circles frankly advocated the break-up of Czechoslovakia, with Teschen going to them, of course. Better, they said, to give Germany Sudetenland, for if Czechoslovakia remains intact the Sudeten minority within the country will eventually bring Czechoslovakia under Germany's influence, thereby creating Mitteleuropa, which would be a distinct menace to Poland. Lurking in the background of this attitude is perhaps the ambition to make Czechoslovakia a minor Slav Power dependent on Poland. The possession of the coking coal of Teschen, so necessary to Czechoslovakia's heavy industry, would certainly assist such a process.

Thus the shape of Poland's foreign policy—or rather the Government's foreign policy, for a vast gulf separates the ideas of Beck and the sentiments of the Polish people in regard to other European Powers. It is not too much to say that the majority of the Polish people, who are literate enough to follow politics, is quite anti-German and pro-French. They also feel considerable respect for and admiration of Britain; and they feel inclined to follow Britain's lead. Towards Russia they

remain almost solidly hostile. Towards Czechoslovakia they manifest a surface hostility largely and, to my mind, artificially stimulated by the Government.

The utterances of the press bring this out clearly. The largest paper in the country, the *Kurier Codzienny* (circulation 150,000) is anti-German and pro-French, as is also the *Kurier Warszawski*, possibly the richest paper in Poland The biggest evening paper, *Wieczor Warszawski*, has a similar policy, as has the smaller, but more influential organ, *Kurier Polski*. The latter is supported by the *Leviathan*, a sort of Comité des Forges of Polish industry. It is pro-French, anti-German and somewhat surprisingly a little pro-Russian. For bad political relations with Russia have led to bad economic relations and the loss of a formerly rich market for Polish heavy industry and a cheap source of raw materials. Polish industry now has to pay dearly for its raw materials from Sweden.

Are there the makings of a Popular Front in this situation? The Socialists want Poland to join a democratic front against Fascism—composed of Britain, France and Czechoslovakia (but not Russia, for the old antagonism remains strong). Internally, the Socialists want a sort of Popular Front with the Peasant Party, which, however, remains coy. Other elements which oppose Beck's policy are Paderewski's small "Labour Party," the Left Legionnaires under Professor Mikalovitch, and some army elements under General Sikorsky. Organisationally, these nuclei for a Popular Front remain weak so long as the Peasant Party remains independent, but the mass sentiment which might rally is undoubtedly strong.

Rather unexpectedly, it is President Moscicki who has emerged as the great hope of the Leftists. Formerly regarded as merely a puppet executive, Moscicki has recently taken a strong role, and has exerted a Liberal influence on the Government. He is credited with bringing about the Government's belated efforts to frame a new election law which will get the Socialist and Peasant Parties back into the Sejm. He is said to have influenced the Government to announce municipal and communal elections for this fall and winter. From the Government's point of view these elections may serve as a safety-valve for unrest. But for the democratic opposition they represent a golden opportunity to force a general election with its expected victory, and to register a protest against the Government's foreign policy.

But only one factor can turn Poland away from its present foreign policy—Britain. Everyone in Poland agrees that if Britain should take a strong anti-Hitler line in the Central European situation, Poland would modify its pro-German tactics. But Poland is waiting, has to wait, for Britain to take the lead. Even the new Liberal Moscicki favours the Beck policy until Britain demonstrates her sincerity and resolution. For Poland, while she may change Foreign Ministers, cannot afford to become the advance guard in a war against Germany.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

BACK TO THE LAND?

VI.—CATTLE AND SHEEP

RATHER less than half of the beef, mutton and lamb that we eat is home-produced and in recent years home supplies have tended slightly to fall. Home supplies of beef begin to decrease about March and touch a low point in June, then rise as the finished article comes off the grass and touch the top in September to December. Home supplies of mutton and lamb touch their low point of supply in April, then rise steeply to a high point from mid-July to the end of September, after which they fall sharply again.

These fluctuations are balanced by a natural dovetailing in of the grazing seasons in the northern and southern hemispheres which establishes a set of conditions that it would be folly, from the consumer's point of view, to uproot entirely. Australasia and Argentina are complementary to our all-the-year-round supplies. Nor would there seem to be any particular point in the English farmer attempting to compete in the frozen beef market. Nevertheless, taking 100 as the monthly average of home supplies, beef does not fall below the index of about 78 or mutton and lamb below the index of 70, so it is clear that we can produce and sell these commodities at those times of the year. Better farming would tend to decrease these fluctuations in home supplies by extending the grazing season and causing fewer half-finished beef animals to be sold in early autumn through lack of grass, as well as by making it easier to keep stall-fed beasts after Christmas on home-produced food. If we can find a way of making arable, as distinct from grass, sheep cheaper to keep, that also would have a levelling influence upon supplies.

It comes down very much to the price at which the home farmer can produce or which the consumer will pay. English lamb in normal times is about 3*d*. or 4*d*. per lb. dearer than Canterbury lamb, English mutton a penny or twopence dearer. But the prices of English and Argentine beef have been moving steadily nearer for some time and now only about a penny per lb. separates them. The price of hides and inedible offal have more to do with meat prices than is commonly realised. The butcher, as a general rule, expects to sell the carcase at about cost price and looks to the hide and offals for his gross profit. Lately there has been a very heavy fall in the price of hides and offal, on account of increased importations, and the butcher's profit from this source has been halved. Two courses are open to him—to pay the producer less or charge the consumer more. But the cheaper cuts are already difficult to sell, so the increase must all go on to the better cuts, with the result that we pay perhaps, 2*s*. less for a pair of shoes but possibly a shilling a week more for the Sunday joint. If meat imports are to be regulated, it seems at least as important, therefore, to regulate offal imports as imports of edible meat.

Another point that seems to be inadequately understood is the increased value of home-produced beef when it comes to cooking. There is far less shrinkage with the home-produced, but the British farmer, who has remained completely silent about the virtues of his beef, mutton and lamb in the face of intensive advertising of imported meat, has made no attempt to let the housewife know this highly important fact. Yet there are public institutions that now buy home-produced beef simply because they consider it to be as cheap, or cheaper, in the long run. British beef also suffers (so I am assured by leading people in both the butchering and beef trades) because substitution—i.e. the sale of chilled beef as English—is still practised on an extensive scale by a certain type of butcher. So apart from any question of the apparent dearness of English beef compared with imported, here are two ways by which the demand for home-killed beef could be quite considerably increased.

But to make any real impression we have got to get production costs down, and marketing is one of the directions in which it can be done. Lord Addison, when Minister of Agriculture, estimated that inefficiency in this respect is costing the farmer at least £2 per head on each beast. Unnecessary commissions represented 15*s*. per head, unnecessary journeys 13*s*. 4*d*., and the remainder he attributed to failure to make proper use of the by-products and other wastes. The De La Warr Report on Central Slaughtering quoted the evidence of one witness who said that inefficient flaying cost £125,000 a year in spoiled hides. It showed also how wastefully labour is employed in the public slaughterhouses, which in practice are only a collection of private slaughtering pens under a common roof, how efficient utilisation of by-products is impossible in most cases under existing conditions, and how the whole system tends to give a variable processed article, however efficient individual butchers may be, that adds to the difficulty in competing with the uniform product that reaches us from the South American *frigorificos*. The farmer is often blamed for the home-killed Sunday joint that taxes our teeth and our digestions, but many a time the fault really lies with the butcher who has not the accommodation to hang his meat long enough. Another disability under which home-killed meat labours is the fact that retail butchers can buy cuts of

mported beef more easily than of English, and are given wonderful "service" by the importers who sit on their doorstep and listen to all their complaints.

On the production side costs could also be brought down. The Bull Licensing Act is already having good effect in improving the quality of our beef herds, but much remains to be done and far too many by-products of the dairy still disfigure our shops that sell home-killed beef. Once a high-quality beef herd has been achieved, there is no reason whatever why it should cost more to maintain than an indifferent one. But we might also take a lesson from the sheep-breeders and breed some hardy crosses for the second-class grassland where the heifers could be mated and the steers sent on to the better grassland to be finished. Beef farmers would also benefit if the long delayed action to introduce standard grades for cream, including a 25 per cent. cream that has become so popular in America, were introduced. For then the owner of a good dual-purpose herd could sell cream to that market and use the skimmed milk to raise beef stores and either sell them as stores or fatten them on his own farm. At present much of the cost of high-class beef production lies in the necessity to feed several hundred gallons of full cream milk from the mother to her calf. Nor is the practice of grazing cattle and sheep together in the same field nearly common enough. The two graze in an entirely different manner, and up to a point might almost be said to eat different grasses. Economies in labour as well as in grazing can be made in this way, so that a saving in production cost can be obtained in each instance. There is also, of course, the highly important fact that better managed pasture and more grass would in itself reduce production cost through turning out more beef, mutton and lamb per acre.

Grazing sheep, in an ordinary way, are not great improvers of grassland, but there is nothing that will quite replace their value to the light and medium arable lands such as are found in Hampshire and Wiltshire and the Yorkshire Wold. Their manure and the treading effect of their feet have properties that seem essential to the proper farming of such land, and it is here, in our population of arable sheep, that the greatest reduction has taken place with consequent damage to land of this type. Unfortunately, arable and grass sheep are not separated in the returns, but Lord Lymington has pointed out that in arable East Anglia and in Wessex the sheep population within three generations of men has fallen by over 66 per cent. in the one case and by 50 per cent. in the other. The chief reason is the cost in labour of repitching hurdles every day to fold the flock over the arable crops. Somehow we must find a way of overcoming this difficulty if Britain is to be properly farmed again, and in this connection Wye College has been making some very interesting experiments. The sheep are kept in temporary grass fields with no hurdling, and roots, kale and other fodder crops are grown for them and put out in the fields. When the time comes for the temporary grass to be ploughed up and a corn crop taken, there seems good reason to believe that the sheep have transmitted the same benefits to the land as under the traditional method, but at a saving in labour cost.

Sheep suffer many of the same disadvantages in marketing as cattle, so with them, as with beef, there seems every reason to believe that costs could be materially reduced and the farmer still obtain a fair return. If Lord Addison's estimate of £2 per beast waste in unnecessary marketing and processing costs is correct, that alone represents three farthings per lb. deadweight on a beast weighing 10 cwt. alive. But as regards reducing production costs, it must be re-emphasised that a large expansion of output is necessary to obtain it. For they are based on the increased productivity of our grassland, and if we grow more grass we must have the stock to eat it, or its last state will be worse than the first. Once more, therefore, it comes back to guaranteeing a market for these increased supplies, for farmers, not being lunatics, would never increase their output by any considerable amount when there is the certainty, as there is at present, that the bottom would fall out of prices if they did. It has been estimated that the present crisis in the sheep industry, in which prices are from 15s. to £1 down on a year ago, has come about through an increase of under 10 per cent. in supplies. No benefits from increased productivity of the individual farm can begin to compensate for such a disproportionate fall in prices.

But if markets were assured, we might begin by aiming at an increase of say 750,000, or about 20 per cent., in our beef cattle population of 3½ million. They would require something like another 800,000 acres of roots, which does not square too badly with increasing our arable acreage by 3 millions, and the oat straw from about 1,300,000 acres of oats. They would only require the oats from about 650,000 acres, but if we grew more oats for the rations of an increased pig population, there would be no difficulty in getting the oat straw. With something over a million acres of good grassland and 3½ million acres of rough grazings left over, even after increasing our dairy cattle by 1½ million, our pigs by 3 million and our arable acreage by 3 million, there would be no difficulty in accommodating them from the grass point of view and still leave room to increase our sheep.

Our sheep now number 17 million. If we returned to the 22 million sheep we had sixty years ago, we should need the extra produce of possibly another 550,000 acres on which to feed them, but this would be very materially reduced if they were worked in on a large number of farms with the cattle. The value of the increased output would represent annually about £5½ million for cattle and nearly £4 million for sheep.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

THE FACTORIES OF NEW SPAIN

I AM a man who hates war. To see, as I cannot avoid seeing here, great progress in Spain's social life which indubitably has war as its direct cause, fills me with a sense of the irony and tragedy of man's fate. I say to myself, again and again: "This change in Spain is good; or has great promise. Why must men go to war in order to achieve it?" The answer, of course, is like the answer to Job's question; it touches the mystery of human suffering as the means of human progress.

I have been visiting factories. The factories of Catalonia and Madrid to-day are no longer merely Catalan and Castilian. Workers from all the Spains have flocked to the large centres, particularly the best, who could not live under the shame of the Fascists. This centralisation, of course, was a tendency long before the war; Catalonia especially, as a rich and industrial land, drew "immigrants" from Aragon and the Levant and the South. In consequence, the workers in any typical shop or factory of loyal Spain to-day are literally Spanish. And because of the Army, they are preponderantly women. From these two new facts in Spain's life, and from the spirit of the women at work, I derive a symbol.

Let me describe a clothing factory, huge for Spain, since one thousand women work in it. I visit the night shift. The building is new. Factories that belonged to private owners before the war have not been expropriated; the Government of Spain proposes a free plebiscite after the war to decide all social questions. But many works were abandoned by their capitalists, who fled to Salamanca and Burgos; and many new industrial centres have sprung up through the needs of the struggle. This clothing factory was built and is run by the union of workers, members of the C.N.T., which the capitalist press has been at such pains to picture to the world as an association of undisciplined or bloodthirsty dreamers.

It is night; the windows are heavily muffled so that no light escapes into the streets that lie within the perpetual menace of the Italo-German bombers. In long rows of tables, in long rooms, work the hundreds of women. They work well and swiftly; that is my first impression. But no! my first impression is rather that these women are *living* well and swiftly. I have been in factories in many parts of the world

In most countries (my own, for instance) they work well, but one has the sense that they are merely toiling, not living; when the day's task is done, with what is left of their energies they will go forth to the streets and their homes, to *live*. When I was in the Soviet Union in 1931, I found a true spirit of living and sharing among the workers. But these children of Tsarist Russia had too long suffered; the shop was theirs and they knew it, they knew they were toiling to be free, and they gave out a spirit alien to the workshops of America or Britain. Nevertheless, the long dread past weighed on them too heavily; and they were not working well; they had not yet learned how.

Spain is at war; Spain suffers; yet these women at work gave forth a spirit almost of gaiety. And when I watched them in quiet, I saw that they were swift and straight with their hands. They worked well—as adeptly as any workers I have ever seen. And yet they worked as if they were "at home." That I have never seen.

Two of the directors, workers themselves, of course, showed me through the many rooms, displayed their machines proudly, especially those made recently in Spain and "just as good as those imported from France and the United States." This was not forced *camaraderie* with the other workers. One director took a cutting machine and ran it himself to show me how it worked; it was clear that his hand had not lost its practice. And there was discipline and order. No hurry. No pressure. Speed and accuracy . . . all within the fertile atmosphere of Spain's women (Catalonia, Castille, Andalusia, Aragon) who were making themselves "at home," taking this workshop to themselves, and making it over. What was the keynote here? The dignity of each woman in herself, the kind of freedom which the poorest woman, the most overworked, has in her own home.

The director said to me: "We avoid the speed-up of you Americans. Spaniards cannot thrive under such methods. We are producing clothes to help win our war of freedom. In our work we must remain free . . . human."

"Ah, yes," I said. "But war itself is inhuman."

This is the paradox—the human within the inhuman.

I visited a State factory where 120,000 cartridges are produced each of the seven days of the week. Spain's direct war industries are being held from immense expansion only by lack of primary materials. Three hundred and fifty factories in Catalonia alone are producing guns, cannon, bullets, etc.; and the chief of the technical department (a man under forty whose efficiency had in no way made him lose his sensibilities) told me that there were in Catalonia 1,500 other plants only waiting for materials to go ahead. In this war factory my sense of paradox increased. The women of the clothing factory had been ordinarily dressed; many wore gay blouses or skirts, and earrings, and bracelets on their busy arms, and there was rouge on their lips. In this munitions factory the work was harder, and the women (I do not know how many hundred) were clad all alike in grim dark uniforms. They were women, most of them young, producing instruments of death. When I came close, I saw how many of them were lovely. As I watched them, I realised that they toiled, making the instruments of death, resigned and even heartened by the sense that these were to be instruments of liberation: for their lovers and their children, instruments of freedom and of human dignity.

WALDO FRANK

Correspondence

AN APPEAL FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

SIR,—In this fateful moment, when a decision between war and peace is being reached, we, the undersigned Czechoslovak authors, address this solemn appeal to all those who form the conscience of the world.

We have lived with our German fellow-countrymen for many centuries in fruitful co-operation, and we have vied with them in cultural efforts. When, upon the battlefields of France, Russia, Serbia and Italy, we achieved the renewal of our independence, we hoped, and also endeavoured, to make the native land which we share with each other one of the living centres of a new, a better and happier Europe. Taking our stand to-day upon the last bastion of democracy in Central Europe, we proclaim, in full awareness of our responsibility towards historic truth, that our nation is guiltless in respect of the catastrophe looming before us. We are doing our utmost to preserve peace, but we shall likewise do our utmost, if need be, to defend the freedom of our country.

We therefore appeal to you, whose function it is, above all else, to keep watch over what hitherto was the most cherished possession of Europe and the whole civilised world, love of truth, freedom of the spirit and purity of conscience. We ask you to judge for yourselves where the genuine willingness for peace and justice is to be found, and where the aggressive spirit of despotism which utilises every device of violence and untruth. We call upon you to make it clear to the public opinion of your respective countries that if a grievous contest is forced upon us, a small and peaceful nation living on the most endangered territory in Europe, we shall wage that contest not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of you and of the moral and spiritual possessions common to all free and peace-loving nations throughout the world. Let nobody forget that, after us, the same fate would befall other nations and countries.

We appeal to all authors and to all others who create culture, to make this manifesto known, by every possible channel, to the nations of the world.

For the Czechoslovak Authors Association.

JOSEF CAPEK, KAREL CAPEK, JAN CAREK, JAN CEP, VACLAV CERNY, JAROSLAV DURYCH, HANA GREGOROVA, FRANTISEK HALAS, ADOLF HOFFMEISTER, JOSEF HORA, HANUS JELINEK, PETER JILEMNICKY, JOSEF KOPTA, JOSEF KNAP, JAROSLAV KVAPIL, FRANTISEK LANGER, EMIL B. LUKAC, MARIE MAJEROVA, BOHUMIL MATHESIUS, RUDOLF MEDEK, VITEZSLAV NEZVAL, LACO NOVOMESKY, IVAN OLBRACHT, FERDINAND PEROUTKA, MARIE PUJMANOVA, MIROSLAV RUTTE, JAROSLAV SEIFERT, ANNA MARIE TILSCHOVA, VLADISLAV VANCURA.

THE CZECH ISSUE

SIR,—Whatever the verdict of the Nuremberg oracle, one thing is certain: the Czechs cannot be expected to submit to any further pressure. As regards their firm attitude against the secession of the Bohemian frontier districts they are guided by other than purely strategic considerations (though the importance of their only defensible frontier for the safety of Western democracies should be quite clear). All the countries round Germany include fragments of German-speaking populations, which, according to Pangerman plans, are to be swallowed in Greater Germany. The leading Nazi theorist of Pangermanism, E. Banse, includes even the Flemings and the Dutch in his Pangerman Reich (see his recent book *Deutschland* and his maps). Had not the Norman conquest latinised the English language, the English would undoubtedly figure on the list as "Low Germans." Any concession to these insane Pangerman aspirations would create a dangerous precedent. It is obvious that the Alemanic population of Alsace and Switzerland are much purer Germans than the Slavs of Bohemia, who have been Teutonised by Austrian bureaucracy, German schools and economic pressure. At first glance, a surgical operation that would separate the septic Nazified part of the country from the sound democratic body seems an attractive idea. But a glance at the racial map shows that such a "runcinated" frontier would be a monstrous impossibility. Bismarck himself did not care to cut the Bohemian diamond after Sadowa.

The Czechs are a patient and optimistic people. They are confident that the wave of hysteria and fear that swept over the frontier districts after the conquest of Austria will subside and they derive some consolation from the hope that even Reich Germans one day will find their way back to the ideals of Goethe and Kant and to sanity. After having won over to democratic principles some 25 per cent. of their German-speaking fellow-countrymen, they are hopeful that, given peace, they might in another fifty years win the rest. The work of the greatest German Bohemians—a Rilke or a Werfel—shows how deeply rooted in Bohemian civilisation they were. In former times, up to the rise of the Pangerman delusion, German Bohemians made common cause with Czechs against the Habsburgs. Despite all frantic agitation and panic there are numbers of decent democratically

minded citizens living in the frontier region who appreciate the benefits of freedom and protest against territorial concessions. They must not be let down. The economic interdependence between the industrial frontier districts and the agricultural lowlands is equally obvious. Any artificial separation would prove disastrous. One measure, however, could be taken at once, the exchange of the most intractable Sudeten Germans who seek their happiness in a totalitarian state for the persecuted Czech minority in Vienna and the Wends in Germany, nearest cousins of the Czechs, who once formed a part of the Bohemian nation and now are the most pathetic and helpless minority in Europe. The Turkish experiment in repatriation has apparently proved quite a success.

Unfortunately the Germans are not really interested in what they call the "mongrel" population in the "hungry" industrial districts of Bohemia which have always been subject to periodic depressions. In spite of all the gigantic efforts of Nazi propaganda it may be safely assumed that there are now few people abroad who are so credulous as to believe that the position of the German Bohemians has anything to do with the present crisis except to provide a pretext for interference. What the present masters of Germany want is the domination of South-Eastern Europe, which cannot be achieved until democratic Czechoslovakia, "the watch-dog of peace in Central Europe," gives up her pacts with France and Russia. Any attempt at redrawing the historical frontiers or at a farcical plebiscite would only increase the Fascist appetite.

BOHEMOSLAVUS

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has always been noted for its courtesy towards the minority in this country. If this were not so, I would not trespass upon your space, for I am alarmed to find that I seem to be almost the only member of the Left-wing in England who does not contemplate a war with Germany, in defence of Czechoslovakia, with crusading zeal! I am horrified at this discovery, and crave your permission to put my case.

Frankly, I do not think that Czechoslovakia is worth a war; neither do I believe that we who are democrats and Socialists *must* fight our enemy Fascism. I deplore all talk of the *necessity* of a war of ideologies, which will split Europe into enemy camps.

No war will solve the problem presented by the rise of the new Germany—unless the breakdown of what remains of European civilisation can be called a solution.

If England joins the Franco-Soviet pact and pledges herself to defend Czechoslovakia, it will not be because the Prime Minister deplores the Fascist menace. We shall fight for the old balance of power, and in order to prevent a German defeat of France, and the possibility of a hostile power in the Channel ports. If we fight, in fact, our motives will be selfish.

I deplore the Nazi attitude to war, women, and the Jews, but I think we could learn a good deal from German social policy; and I am inclined to think that Germany under the leadership of the Führer is not much more corrupt than England under the present plutocracy. Our corruption is more subtle.

Why should we, who are young, lose our world fighting for the balance of power, and the safety of Downing Street and the Banks of Great Britain? Surely the man in the street will not allow himself to be betrayed, a second time, by press and politicians?

Cantabrigia. PAUL GOULDING

THE ECONOMICS OF FASCISM

SIR,—A close study of the Nazi economic system is a task of paramount importance to all the free countries. Only a thorough understanding of its nature and mechanism will enable us to prepare appropriate measures of defence and, possibly, to use certain of their experiences for our benefit. I question, however, whether Mr. Strachey's method, and therefore his conclusions, are either appropriate or accurate.

It would have instilled more confidence in the general reading public if he had not put forward his thesis—namely, that it is solely imperialistic capitalism, whatever that may mean, which propels us towards war—at the very outset of his article without any proof; only to repeat it in different words at the end of his paper without having in the meantime advanced any arguments to substantiate it. It is impossible for reasons of space even to touch upon the more general case against this vulgar economic interpretation of history. Nor can I put forward an analysis of Nazi economics. Certain points, however, need be stated.

(1) It is a mistake to say that "they (means of production) are still operated if and when their operation yields profit, interest and rent to these persons (the old capitalist classes) and not unless." On the contrary, they are operated only in so far as the State orders or permits it. Every economic activity is strictly controlled in Germany by the State. The profit motive does not in the usual sense of the word operate.

(2) All incomes, including profits, are centrally controlled in order to mobilise the whole economic system for the purpose of rearmament (including autarky). It is this mobilisation of all resources by State orders which safeguards full employment, and that in its turn eliminates risk. This elimination of risk and not the height of profits is the factor stimulating production (apart from a very effective administrative penal system). It is not accurate to state that there is discrimination in favour of the shareholders of big trusts. Their dividends are limited as much as any other dividend, and the profits are taxed as any other profits. Mr. Strachey seems therefore to believe that Germany is about to be plunged into war by the directors of those companies, directors whom he himself knows and states as being more or less part of the State administration. I do not think that this argument needs to be criticised.

(3) The German system, as Mr. Strachey himself agrees, is stable on its own terms. I venture to suggest, moreover, that within wide limits it could be worked in the sense of increased standard of life without any alteration, if only the free choice of consumers remains eliminated. Economically it is more or less identical with any planned economy. The difference lies in its aims and ideology.

(4) The thesis of Mr. Strachey seems to be exactly the opposite to the experience yielded by an analysis of the German system. Those classes in Germany which may still be called capitalist are exactly those which, under the leadership of Dr. Schacht, are desperately trying to instil moderation into the regime, which would like to see an abatement of rearmament, and well do they know why. Any further increase in armaments, now that full employment has been reached, presupposes a decrease of consumption, i.e., increased taxation and decreased profits. The calamitous course of the Berlin Bourse is a result of the necessity to deflate incomes to curtail consumption power. Industry in the individualist countries would be far more threatened if the German Government abandoned further intensification of rearmament and used exchange control to foster exports. The possibility of shifting losses accruing from foreign transactions from the shoulders of the individual exporter on to the whole community represents a powerful weapon for dumping, thus a serious potential threat to countries in which foreign trade is still conducted at the risk of individuals. This system would safeguard internal employment and profits in Germany and would continue to eliminate risk even if production is not restricted to rearmament. The German capitalist cannot desire war.

(5) All the tergiversations of Mr. Strachey are due to the fact that he still desperately clutches at the belief that only the economic aspirations of men are destructive. The aspiration for power is still excluded from his philosophy. Among many other examples disproving this optimism the German shines in its conclusiveness. That is the reason why all pleas that economic concessions bring about appeasements are based on a most patent circular reasoning. If Germany wished for an increased standard of life she could achieve it within very wide limits by her own exertions. Economic concessions now would merely increase her power to cause damage.

It seems in any case extremely foolish that the man who is regarded as the leading propagandist of the Left should support that terrible misconception which is so slow in dying, that Hitler is the friend and saviour of all capitalists. It was this view which has up till now prevented the necessary unanimity of resistance to the policy of the Nazi Government in this country and will do so until it is finally dispelled.

T. BALOGH

London.

FEAR OF WAR IN GERMANY

SIR,—*A propos* of your article "Fear of War in Germany," in the last issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, the following story may be of some interest.

I have recently returned from Switzerland where I met an old friend, an extremely intelligent and much travelled German woman. Until a few years ago she was a great admirer of the Hitler regime and she had, has, and always will have the characteristically intense love of the Vaterland. We spoke apprehensively of the possibility of war, and this is what she said:

Because I am a patriotic German, not *in spite* of it, I hope and pray.

that if Germany goes to war again she will be defeated. I have been in and out of my country frequently since the Armistice, and I have watched, and myself suffered in, all its vicissitudes. But I can assure you that nothing in the way of unemployment or depravity or even starvation could be half as bad for a people as the kind of repression we are suffering from now. I have seen my adult friends and relatives turned from wholesome human beings into terrified deaf-mutes, my nieces and nephews made into young hooligans or nervous wrecks, and everything that made for civilisation deliberately disintegrated and destroyed. If Hitler wins a war Germany is doomed for ever. The only thing that can save her is a sound defeat, followed by generous treatment. I am not a Jew and have no Jewish blood nor even any Jewish friends. But the manner of their treatment fills me with horror not only for their own sake, but because of its moral and psychological effect on our children.

She gave me instances, with chapter and verse, as she had seen them which, for obvious reasons, I cannot repeat here. In any case they were only further examples of what we have heard and read so often. And she assured me that whenever she could get her friends to talk frankly, which was seldom and then only in complete privacy, their feelings were identical with her own.

Out of regard for this lady's safety I sign myself simply. N.

[We have ourselves had ample confirmation of the widespread existence of this view among politically conscious people in Germany. ED., *N.S. & N.*]

EXILE

SIR,—Your correspondent "J" quotes the letter of an Austrian refugee who was deported from this country. I think that I can add a little to his story. On —— I crossed to Calais. Just before we left Dover a man was carried on board by six men and taken down the companion way. He was carried face downwards, his body stretched out like a log of wood. From the account sent to "J," I assume that this was his correspondent. The horrible callousness with which he was treated and the laughter of the sailors made a very painful impression on a steamer crowded with holiday-makers and with pilgrims to Lourdes. We tried to reassure one another by saying that the man must be a dangerous criminal extradited for some outrage. Now it seems that he was a homeless exile seeking British hospitality.

Manchester. MADELINE LINFORD

A RURAL SLUM

SIR,—Unsatisfactory housing conditions in rural areas have received considerable attention in the press recently. Such conditions have indeed frequently been quoted as a contributory cause in the drift of agricultural workers to the towns.

At the same time it is often difficult to convey through the written word or even through photographs why young married couples will not tolerate living in cottages which appear both attractive and ideally situated to the townsman.

For this reason the Housing Centre has arranged for a rural slum to be re-erected at the Building Exhibition which is to be opened at Olympia on September 16th. The cottage in question has been condemned under the Housing Acts and it is of interest that the former tenants will have been moved to a new home only a few days prior to the opening of the exhibition.

A new cottage the design of which can be taken as an example of reasonably minimum standards considering financial limitations, is to be erected in contrast to the slum. In this case great care has been taken to incorporate features which are frequently overlooked in contemporary housing schemes.

A great opportunity now exists to carry out an extensive rural housing programme. New and increased subsidies are available under the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act, 1938, and many new schemes are already in hand.

The cottages should be used to bring renewed life to the villages. Except where required for stockmen or others on the farms, the new cottages should be planned to form a natural extension of the existing village. They should not be placed in outlying fields away from the community, but close to it, so that the tenants are served by local transport services and can share in such buildings as schools, shops, cinemas and libraries.

These points are also illustrated by the use of models and plans at the Exhibition referred to above. PHILIP R. RATHBONE,

The Housing Centre, Secretary.
13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

A CATHOLIC DEFENCE

SIR,—On May 28th, 1938, you challenged me to reconcile my belief that Franco is leading a crusade with M. Bernanos' attack on the Archbishop-Bishop of Majorca in his book, *Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune*. After reading the book I communicated with Cardinal Hinsley's secretary, and in reply to a letter from His Eminence, the Archbishop-Bishop of Majorca, who is, of course, only answerable to the Pope for his actions, was good enough to refute in great detail M. Bernanos' accusations.

Even after patient effort I cannot understand the attitude of those who profess to be shocked by the actions of the Nationalists but who condone the excesses admitted by the Republicans. M. Bernanos in his book virtually ignores the terrorism of the Left which provoked the repression from the Right. The election of the Popular Front in February, 1936, was followed in Majorca, as elsewhere in Spain, by a period of violence and persecution. During the first five weeks of the war Majorca, which was undefended by aeroplanes, suffered sixty-one bombardments by Republican planes without protest from those who have been so distressed by the raids on Barcelona. I should not, on *a priori* grounds, be prepared to deny that the terrorism of the Left produced a violent reaction, but I cannot accept as conclusive the evidence of an observer who calmly remarks, as M. Bernanos remarks, "Je n'observe rien du tout. L'observation ne mène pas à grand'chose." On many questions of fact the Archbishop has proved him wrong. M. Bernanos states, for instance, that the Archbishop blessed a plaque to the memory of the Phalangist Barbara, but there is no such plaque.

The Archbishop protests strongly against M. Bernanos' suggestion that he himself endorsed any acts of repression. On the contrary, he initiated successful petitions for mercy, among others for a former pupil who had declared that the first head which he would secure would be the Archbishop's.

During the Republican rule every effort was made to intimidate the faithful, and the statement that only 14 per cent. of the Majorcans made their Easter Communion in 1936 may be true "Such a statement," writes the Archbishop, "must be very painful to the heart of a Bishop, but it can never authorise exceptional measures," such as M. Bernanos implies, "only, on the contrary, a greater display of pastoral zeal." The Archbishop attributes the decay of religious practice to the fact that those in control during the Republican period forbade processions, seized Church property, burned churches, and restricted religious education and liberty of worship. "Is it strange, then," says the Archbishop, "that many were afraid to practise their religion?"

The census of Easter Communicants, to which Bernanos attributes a sinister significance, is the immemorial custom of Majorca and neither owes its origin to the civil war, nor was in any way related to the administration of justice. In Majorca, as in other parts of Spain, it is the custom to give Communicants a slip for their parish priest to fill in so that he may know, in conformity with Canon 470, the spiritual state of his parish, and be stimulated by any signs of decline to greater pastoral activity. In the modern parish of El Terreno, where M. Bernanos resided, the parish priest adapted the procedure to the circumstances of Spanish and foreign tourists, and left a space on the slips for the address in order that he might visit such of his practising parishioners as required it.

The cessation of religious persecution resulted in crowded confessionals, but it is malicious to associate the results of a religious revival with the activities of the military. The extremists of the Left naturally did not fulfil their Easter duties, and some of these were subsequently shot for subversive activities, but in this, as in so many cases, *post hoc* should not be interpreted as *propter hoc*.

M. Bernanos is not, of course, the kind of anti-clerical who murders priests and then poses as a devout Catholic to itinerant Anglicans, but, like many other genuinely devout Catholics, his feelings towards Bishops are not notably more benevolent than those of other Catholics towards the Holy Office in Rome.

Now for your personal challenge. A crusade should be defined by its objective rather than by the personal character of its participants. No Catholic who has been in touch with the Nationalists, and in particular with the Carlists, could doubt their devotion to the Faith or the sincerity of their belief that they are fighting for Christianity. It is not, however, *de fide* to believe that medieval crusaders were invariably pious and devout, and I make no such claim for all Franco's crusaders. My belief in the justice of Franco's cause would not be affected even if it could be proved that there were deplorable miscarriages of justice in Majorca. Even the *Manchester Guardian* admits that the persecution of religion has been more severe in Republican Spain

than in Russia or in Mexico, and if desecration and vandalism, the closing and destruction of churches, and the murder by the thousand of priests and nuns, do not justify a crusade, what does?

Villino San Remigio, ARNOLD LUNN
Pallanza,
Lago Maggiore, Italy.

[Those who wish to judge the adequacy of Mr. Lunn's reply can read M. Bernanos' *Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune* for themselves. We understand that an English translation is shortly to be published by Messrs. Boriswood. All we need add at this point is that the attack on clericalism in Spain is only one factor in the present war, which is an attack on every kind of democratic progress by international Fascism, backed by the Roman Church, the officer class and the old propertied aristocracy. Popular revolt against the reactionary political and social policy of the Roman Church in Spain has been sporadic and taken the form of church burning during the last hundred years. If this is a justification for a "crusade," then Elizabethan England had given the same kind of provocation to Philip of Spain, and Mr. Arnold Lunn presumably thinks it a tragedy that the Spanish Armada was defeated.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

JOKES ABOUT HISTORY

SIR,—In Mr. Garnett's column in your issue of September 3rd, he deplores the kind of humour which "consists of laughing at the differences which distinguish the past from the present" and which "regards a man in a ruff as infinitely funny because it is not a collar." He adds that this kind of humour "provides the subject of innumerable best-sellers of the 1066 *and All That* description."

At the risk of making ourselves ridiculous by explaining our own joke, may we take this opportunity of clearing up a misunderstanding? We should like to state that we heartily endorse Mr. Garnett's horror of this kind of joke; it is usually expressed by anachronism, e.g. it is accompanied by a picture of Henry VIII wearing a top hat. We plead guilty to one or two jokes of this kind in our book, 1066 *and All That*; they were included for special reasons and we are not proud of them. But it is quite untrue that they represent the theme of the book. Our idea, for what it was worth, was to parody the over-simplified textbooks and to satirise the hopelessly confused sense of values which these textbooks have created in young and old alike. Such a book is bound to be full of "howlers," and some of them may be sickening rather than funny, but that is not the point of Mr. Garnett's censure. He thinks we were laughing at the past; we were really laughing at a false representation of the past.

Naturally the book appeals mainly to ordinary people who, like ourselves, have been confused and misled by school textbooks. Clever men, like Mr. Garnett, have probably never suffered from the disease and need no tonic to help them to laugh it off. But unless we have deceived ourselves very seriously, Mr. Garnett's diagnosis of our trouble is quite incorrect. W. C. SELLAR
P. J. YEATMAN

THE CHANNEL CROSSING

SIR,—It may partly console Mr. Duce to learn that those sufficiently well-off to take their cars abroad are also badly treated by the Southern Railway.

A friend and I recently crossed from Calais in S.S. *Autocarrier*, a small one-class boat with good cabin accommodation, though not enough lying-down space for all who wanted it. Upon advice from the A.A. we arrived on the quay at 1.10 p.m., the scheduled time of sailing being 2.15. Cars were still being unloaded from the previous voyage. We sailed at 3 p.m. I had been told a fortnight before by an employee of the company that the *Autocarrier* often started late on her homeward voyage, owing to the enormous increase in the number of cars transported. The crossing was bad and quick, but, instead of docking at 4.30 we hung about for half an hour while the mail-boat, which had caught up with us, docked. From five to seven we stood on Dover quay while cars were unloaded—ours was not quite the last off. There was a stiff, chilly breeze, and among us were children and persons who had to my knowledge been very sick. *There was no shelter*, not even a roof against possible rain, such as country stations have. When I inquired for a waiting-room I was told that the company had not added to its premises since car-transport became popular.

The cost for this quite unnecessarily unpleasant journey was 12*s.* 6*d.* per person and £3 17*s.* for a medium-sized car (owner's risk).

The long wait upon embarkation would not occur were there two autocarriers, so that loading could begin at a fixed time, and always two cranes instead of sometimes only one to a boatload. If these reforms are really impossible and not merely due to economy at the passengers' expense, then at least a proper waiting-room with lavatories should be built at once on or near Dover quay.

E. B. C. JONES

DAVID GUEST

SIR,—We are hoping soon to publish a short memorial volume, edited by Mrs. Haden Guest, on the life and work of David Guest, who was recently killed while fighting for the Spanish Republican Army. May we ask any of your readers who have letters or any other MSS. by him, or who possess any special information about him, to be good enough to communicate with us. Any MSS. sent us will, of course, be treated with the greatest care and returned promptly. LAWRENCE AND WISHART, LTD.

2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1.

Miscellany

SEPTEMBER, 1938

HE mocks our common sense; we stare
His un-Napoleonic air.

He screams like a female ape in a rage.
I see in thought, as I read my page,
Blake's angels up in an apple tree,
And Shelley's infant that rose from the sea,
And Shakespeare's babe that strides the blast,
And turn from my book of hours at last
To face my children to-morrow morn.
For Hitler's blood-lust these were born.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

MUNICH EXPRESS

BEFORE we left Vienna the train was packed, and ill-considered chivalry had rendered me seatless. I took my bag to the far end of the coach, and resigned myself to a night's acute discomfort. It was five minutes to eleven, and it would be eight hours before we reached Munich. Outside it was pouring in torrents, and, although the end of August, it was icy cold.

Just before we left the station two S.A. men got in, resplendent with brown uniform and field boots. After much shaking of mackintoshes they too perched themselves on their suitcases beside me. We gazed enviously at the more fortunate third-class passengers who had seats. Most were already eating or asleep. The Brownshirt next to me was lean and approaching fifty, and he had the over-developed throat and chin muscles of one who has spent many hours hymning the new Germany; the other official was younger and stouter, and sometimes he gave a chuckle and his gold teeth flashed with good will. I wondered why they were travelling third class, and resigned myself to the panegyric of National Socialism that as a foreigner I could scarcely hope to avoid. Munich is a very long way from Vienna. I resolved to say that I spoke no German.

And then the door flew open, and the Englishman arrived.

Dripping wet, he flung himself upon us just as the train moved out of the station, murmured apologies in not very good German, and squatted down on the floor. He looked a typical Englishman, his luggage consisted of only a knapsack, and he was smoking a pipe.

We eyed each other suspiciously for ten minutes. As the temperature rose at our end of the coach, the younger S.A. man waxed sociable.

"You are an Italian?" he inquired of the new arrival.

The Englishman pleaded Not Guilty, and confessed the awful truth.

A few seconds' pause, and then the inevitable question: "What do you think of Germany?"

The Englishman looked so bronzed and young and good-looking that he might almost have been mistaken for one of the best specimens in the Hitler Jugend, the older man was reflecting. Surely he at least would comprehend the greatness of the new Reich.

"I barely know Germany, except for a week-end at Köln when I was a kid," said the young Englishman. "You see, I've been on holiday in Austria."

"There is no Austria any longer," the other gently corrected him. He offered cigarettes all round. "It is all Germany to-day. The Führer has made us a single nation."

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders.

"When will he make Czechoslovakia a part of Germany too?" he asked with a smile. "In England people are saying that it is only a matter of days."

"He will do what is most expedient," answered the other and struck a match.

"Then there will be a war," said the Englishman.

"There will be no war," said the younger S.A. man with decision. "I fought in the last war. Besides, half-a-day's fighting, and there will be no Czechoslovakia left to make a war." He flashed his false teeth good-naturedly.

"If Hitler marches on Prague," persisted the Englishman, "France will go to war, and if France, Russia also, and England too."

"England will never fight against Germany," said the older man. "England and Germany are friends. We like the same things, have the same tastes. We are the same flesh and blood. You are Aryan, and we are Aryan. It is only the Jews that try to stir up trouble between us. But they will not succeed, for we are one people, and it is the same blood that runs in our veins."

"You talk of nothing but Jews in this country," said the Englishman, with an indulgent smile. "It is always the Jews, the Jews, the Jews. If anything goes wrong, it is the Jews. You say it was the Jews that lost you the war, the Jews that tried to make your people Communists——." He smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "You are easily satisfied with an answer."

The ticket collector interrupted the debate for a while. We fumbled for tickets, and it was found that the Englishman was on the wrong train. If he changed at Linz, he could catch the Ostend express.

The elder Brownshirt then tightened his belt, straightened his black tie, and delivered himself of his speech.

"You in England do not yet realise what sort of an animal the Jew is," he began. "You are asleep; one day you will awake. Pray God it will not be too late. Slowly the Jewish scum are gaining a stranglehold upon your national life; until 1931 it was the same with us. Your press, your commerce, your Government are slowly being overwhelmed, and the friendly relations between your nation and mine are being poisoned."

He paused a moment for breath, or was it for rousing cheers?

"In England you do not realise that the Jew is not the same as people like you or me. He is a liar and a cheat, a seducer of women, a money-grubber, a nepotist; because you are yourselves manly and virile and strong, you cannot understand that the Jew is not the same."

The Englishman smiled "You flatter us," he said.

"You are very young," the other rejoined, "but when you are older you will learn to tell a Jew as you tell a bad egg."

"What Herr Funk is saying is true," broke in his subordinate. "When a true Englishman and a German get together, and talk, as we are talking now, they are friends; but if one were sitting in a carriage with a Jewish Englishman, one would at once become aware of an atmosphere of suspicion and deceit."

"Rubbish!" said the Englishman. "What you say about us having much in common, however, is true enough. Far more than the French, for instance. I like your musicians, for example. They speak a language we can understand, and love. Wagner, for example."

"Wagner is fine," said the younger German. He spoke for the first time with real feeling, and began to hum a few bars from *Tannhauser*.

"Mendelssohn too, is wonderful," went on the young Englishman, gazing casually at his boots. "Wagner and Mendelssohn are the two greatest musicians in the world, and they are both German—doesn't that make you feel very proud?"

"We have other musicians," said the older man hurriedly. "Bach, Handel, Beethoven——."

"Scientists, too—yours are the best in the world, better even than ours in London. Men like Neumann and Freud and Adler, thinkers like Einstein, actresses like Bergner and Dietrich—no wonder you rejoice at the *anschluss* and are proud of your new fellow-citizens." He paused. "I saw Von Cramm last year at Wimbledon, too—he was magnificent . . ."

His boyish face fairly glistened with admiration and eagerness. I sat in my corner, and watched him. There was no trace of mockery in his eyes.

The train slowed down, and through the steamed windows the lights of Linz grew more frequent. As we drew into the station he stood up, and slung his knapsack over his shoulder. The two Germans stood up too and shook hands with him, and one of them opened the door for him.

"Good journey!" said the elder Brownshirt. "Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" said the younger Brownshirt.

"Grüss Gott!" said the young Englishman with a grin, and was gone.

The elder Brownshirt was saying "What a charming boy. In a few years he will come to see that what we were saying is true. I've met a lot of English people these last few months, and they've all been just as nice. If only it were not for the Jews, we could be such good friends with them."

On the floor lay the label from his knapsack, very sodden with rain. I picked it up, wondering whereabouts in England his home might be. On it was written "Israel Cohen, Manchester."

R. G. JESSELL

THE MUSICAL SEASON

THE musical season begins in October and promises to be of exceptional interest. I shall give a brief summary of what seem to me to be the events worthy of special attention so that music lovers may be prepared to make their choice in good time and not to miss any of the concerts they may particularly wish to hear.

The Courtauld-Sargent concerts do not require detailed mention, as they are all subscribed for beforehand by members of the Concert Club at especially cheap prices and represent unrivalled value for the money. Emmanuel Feuerman, one of the finest of living 'cellists, and John Hunt, one of the best of our English pianists, are among the soloists and two of the conductors—Carl Schuricht and Anthony Collins—are appearing at these concerts for the first time on October 10th and November 7th, respectively.

Having written with all the enthusiastic fervour due to a good new enterprise of the London Theatre Concerts last year, I have some criticism to make of its second season. This starts on Sunday evening, October 2nd. We were promised a season of Haydn, Schubert and Mozart this year and to that extent this promise has been kept, since all the Sunday evening programmes consist of music by these composers. But the music is again wholly instrumental—except on November 13th when Schubert's *Salve Regina* for soprano and strings (Op. 153) will be given—until the concert of April 23rd, when some choral music by Schubert is in the programme. What had also been proposed and what I had hoped to hear at these concerts was a quantity of Mozart's and of Schubert's church music which is almost entirely unknown to London audiences.

We are only to hear some of this at the last concert on May 14th, when Haydn's Mass in B flat, Schubert's Hymn (Op. 154) and *Gesang der Geister über den Wassern* (Op. 167) will be given together with Mozart's Vesperae (K. 339) by the Cambridge University Madrigal Society. This is a great pity especially as one may be permitted to have some doubts as to the quality of some of the pianists, judging from the very mixed lot we were given during the last season.

Purely instrumental music is rather in excess in all programme making in my opinion, nowadays; that is why I particularly welcome the announcement of the performance by the B.B.C. of Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*, under Sir Adrian Boult, on Sunday, December 25th, although I wish the occasion had been one of the series of symphony concerts. The B.B.C. Symphony Concert list fortunately includes five choral works: Mahler's *The Song of the Earth*, under Boult on November 23rd; Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* under Wood on November 30th; Mozart's Requiem Mass under Bruno Walter on January 11th, and Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* and Honegger's *King David* under Boult on February 8th. The only orchestral novelty is *Two Nature Poems* by Eugène Goossens, to be conducted by the composer on November 9th.

Choral works are expensive to produce, therefore we expect the B.B.C.—which has its own choir and ample resources—to give freely of them since other organisations cannot. The Royal Philharmonic Society, for example, has only one in its list of the season's concerts, namely, Delius's *Appalachia Variations* for baritone, chorus and orchestra, on March 30th. Otherwise, the Royal Philharmonic relies on symphonic music and instrumental soloists. Most of the Philharmonic concerts are to be conducted, as usual, by Sir Thomas Beecham, but Goossens, Boult, Wood, Weingartner and Walter are also to conduct. A Sibelius festival will be inaugurated by the concert conducted by Beecham on October 27th, when two Symphonies (No. 2 in D and No. 3 in C) will be performed, together with other works by the Finnish composer. It is rather a pity that the lesser-known 6th Symphony of Sibelius is not being given, but perhaps that will come later at one of Beecham's special or new Sunday afternoon concerts. These are to be at Covent Garden Opera House or the Queen's Hall, as advertised.

Both in the B.B.C. and the Philharmonic concerts the so-called classical composers predominate. But Alban Berg is represented by Fragments from *Wozzeck* on February 1st; Prokoviev by his Classical Symphony in D on March 1st, William Walton by his Symphony on October 26th, and both Vaughan Williams and Stravinsky are included in the B.B.C. programme. The Philharmonic Society confines its contemporary music to Walton, Weingartner, Bloch and Bartok; although the scarcely known Symphony No. 1 in D by Mahler, which Bruno Walter is to conduct on January 19th, may be considered a novelty.

There are no surprises among the soloists engaged. Schnabel is playing the Beethoven E flat Concerto for the B.B.C. on November 2nd and the Beethoven G major Concerto for the Royal Philharmonic Society on November 17th. He is also giving a Schubert pianoforte recital under the auspices of the London Theatre Concerts Society at the Cambridge Theatre on January 15th, but this is not included in their subscription series. It is to be hoped that this recital will do something to help forward the growing interest in this country in Schubert's pianoforte music, especially his sonatas which have been unaccountably neglected by pianists. Other famous soloists appearing at the B.B.C. and Philharmonic Concerts include Szigeti, Solomon, Myra Hess, Albert Sammons, Moiseiwitsch, Backhaus and Suggia.

I am particularly glad to see the name of Solomon down on both the B.B.C. and Philharmonic lists. He is playing the Beethoven C minor and E flat concertos. In my opinion, Solomon is at the present moment the best of our English pianists. He has developed a great deal recently and gave a beautiful and convincing performance at a Promenade Concert on August 30th of Mozart's B flat Concerto (K 450). This concerto is one of Mozart's most remarkable works, full to bursting with a rich flower-like invention that is, however, held beautifully together, filling its frame perfectly. Both to its form and its lyrical quality Solomon gave justice. There was a time when he was inclined to weakness of rhythm and sentimentality, but he seems to be overcoming these defects and he possesses an unusual elasticity. I should almost guess that he has learned something from the conducting of Toscanini and the playing of Schnabel—continuity from the one, precision and rhythmic grip from the other. He is brave to attempt the E flat Concerto which I should think is still beyond him, but at least he will not merely tinkle at it or pound his way through it.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"Prison Without Bars," at the London Pavilion (from Monday)
"Josette," at the Gaumont (from Sunday)
"Blockheads," lately at the Empire

ONE of the things that make it hard to write about films is the impossibility of discovering who is responsible for what. Take *Prison Without Bars*. This is an English film of great merit dealing with the dreadful conditions of a French reformatory school for girls. Whether the conditions it describes really exist I cannot say. But in the original French version, which we are to see at the Academy in a fortnight, perhaps the impression of truth will not have been dispelled, as it is here, by the unconvincing behaviour of two of its principal characters. Since these characters are played by accomplished actors (Martita Hunt and Barry K. Barnes) one hesitates to diagnose ham acting. Very well then, who wrote the thing, and who made it? There you have me. Reference to the cast sheet shows that the film is "from a production by Arnold Pressburger" (I do not know what this means), that the scenario is by Arthur Wimperis, the dialogue by Margaret Kennedy, the production by Alexander Korda, and the direction by Brian Desmond Hurst; furthermore, that it is "adapted from a play by E. and O. Bis, Gina Kaus and Hans Wilhelm." Now who was it, out of this motley crew, who spoiled a good story? Miss Kennedy? Mr. Hurst? Or one of the aptly named brothers Bis? I should like to keep the whole lot in until one of them owns up.

Martita Hunt is the embittered superintendent who believes only in punishment and repression; the government get wind of her doings and appoint a humane successor, who is (rather improbably, but never mind) Miss Edna Best. Miss Best is engaged to the school doctor (Barry K. Barnes) and this fact has to be concealed or she will lose her job. Her gentle way with the girls is proving highly successful, when unfortunately the doctor tires of waiting, accuses her of sacrificing their love to her job, and—having conveniently fallen in love with one of the girls who is acting as his assistant (Corinne Luchaire)—breaks off the engagement. Then the fat is in the fire. One of the girls discovers Corinne's affair with the doctor and blackmails her into procuring medical alcohol; on this the girls proceed to get blind drunk and create a scene of pandemonium. In the end Corinne gets her doctor, and Miss Best is left to the solace of good works. Now all this makes a perfectly good plot, and the film would be first-rate but for the ridiculous exaggeration of the part of the cruel superintendent and the failure of Barry K. Barnes to do anything with the doctor; he lounges through his part with all the engaging mannerisms that made him so good as the cool reporter in *This Man is News*. But he may have been told to do just that, who can tell?

In spite of its imperfections, however, the film is well worth seeing. Mr. Hurst is obviously a director of considerable skill and imagination: all the scenes between the girls are brilliant. For these parts he has collected a wonderful bunch of young actresses. Corinne Luchaire has a leggy, coltish charm and a likeable simplicity; it is characteristic, by the way, that no

attempt is made to explain her French accent. Among the others two stand out: Mary Morris, with her shock of black hair, a realistic, almost Hogarthian, urchin, and Glynis Johns who provides the most touching moment of the film when she tells of her theft of a pair of stockings from the Galeries Lafayette; recalling her very different role in *South Riding*, I salute in her a real actress. Both these children have the salty sincerity of the very best acting of the French screen; it is a wonder their elders were not shamed into doing better.

Josette is Hollywood frivolity: playboy son attempts to rescue father from cabaret blonde, falls himself, mistaken identity reveals blonde as nice girl from village choir with a passion for petunias. There is too much slapstick, but it is mostly amusing entertainment, and after all Josette *is* Simone Simon; I confess to the charge of Simony, and Hollywood has not yet ironed all the puckish talent out of this charm-compactom. It would have been pleasant to say a friendly farewell to Laurel and Hardy, who have just made their last joint bow at the Empire. But candour compels me to admit that *Blockheads* is very, very dull. Slowness was always the essence of their clowning, but here it invades the framework as well; situations are laboriously prepared, and yield after all no more than a kick in the pants. Still their style of humour was a link with the cinema's absurd, happy childhood; and in the past they have been very funny. Do you remember a short in which they coaxed a pianola up an interminable flight of stone steps? Good-bye, Laurel; good-bye, Hardy; I shall remember you as two immobile and silent figures gazing sadly at that pianola, as, for the tenth time, it bumped melodiously down and down. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Tobias and the Angel," at the St. Martin's

Mr. Bridie belongs to that select band of dramatists whose plays receive full-length encores; and this revival of *Tobias and the Angel* deserves the same applause that greeted it on its presentation seven years ago. Because its humour is emotional rather than verbal *Tobias* wears very well, and that age-old comic situation, the Angel in everyday dress, continues to exercise its unfailing appeal. Mr. Bridie, as will be remembered, sticks fairly close to his Apocrypha, and poor Tobias still has to contend with the terrible fish and the Demon Asmoday (familiarly known as Stinker). But Tobias's endearing timidity, Sara's tantrums, and the aged Tobit's impractical saintliness are presented with a pleasingly contemporary tang. As in the original production, the acting is of a high standard. Messrs. Eliot Makeham and John Abbott, as the two old fathers, share the major honours of the evening with Mr. Robert Eddison, as the superbly dignified Aryan Angel. Mr. Romney Brent seems slightly miscast as Tobias, and though he acted with all his usual talent, was sometimes too reminiscent of *Three-Men-on-a-Horse* Erwin to fit into Mr. Bridie's rather milder comedy. But *Tobias and The Angel* still makes very good entertainment of a slightly unusual order, and it is hardly the fault of the author if we sometimes wish he had collaborated with Mr. G. B. Shaw.

"Señora Carrar's Rifles"; "Waiting for Lefty"; at The Unity

The feature of Unity's new programme is the first English production of *Señora Carrar's Rifles*, Bertold Brecht's play about the Spanish War; a play that, according to the programme, "succeeds in demonstrating not only the misery of that 'liberalism' which values its pitiful existence too highly, but also the renaissance of the thirst for freedom." Miserable liberalism is personified in Señora Carrar, an old peasant woman who dissuades her sons from joining the Government forces; and the thirst for freedom is given as justification for a pitiless campaign of nagging and petty persecution to force the old woman to abandon her peace-pledge principles. Herr Brecht is wholly on the side of the persecutors; and when the Señora's son is casually killed by Fascists, she suffers a lightning conversion, and becomes as militant as any of her taunting neighbours. Throughout the play, the unanswerable argument of the militants is that whoever is not for the Government is against it; but no one ever makes the complementary point that all who are not for Franco are against him too. Poor Señora Carrar and her like are in the unhappy position of being against everyone; that is to say, everyone is against poor Señora Carrar.

Waiting for Lefty is the second part of the programme, and Mr. Odets' classic pioneer of the Living Newspaper proves as exciting and effective as ever. The situation—a vital meeting of the New York taxi-drivers' Union to decide for or against strike action—lends itself perfectly to the informal and lively production at which Unity excels; and the frank, tough, wisecracking melodrama of the theme gives a fine chance to the theatre's largely amateur players. The *Times*-like anonymity with which Unity shrouds its casts makes it difficult to criticise the acting, but the actor who trebled the parts of the three capitalists must be singled out for special praise in a high standard of performance. *Waiting for Lefty* is a fine play because of its forthrightness, humour, and passionate vitality. Compared with it, *Señora Carrar's Rifles* is very stagey stuff; and the final conversion of the Señora has all the improbable pathos of a leopard changing its spots.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, September 18th—
Laurence Housman on "Extremists," Conway Hall, 11.
Rev. Will Hayes on "The Chiding Stone," Lindsey Hall, The Mall, W.8., 11.
I.P.C. Demonstration to Save Peace. Trafalgar Sq., 3.

MONDAY, September 19th—
Laurence Housman on "The Price of Peace," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.
Vic-Wells Opera and Ballet Company, Streatham Hill. Till October 1st.
"The Corn is Green," Duchess.

TUESDAY, September 20th—
"Trelawney of the Wells," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, September 21st—
Alec Wilson, of L.N.U., on "Where Pacifism Fails," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.
"Troilus and Cressida," Westminster.

THURSDAY, September 22nd—
Congress of Christian Pacifists, Friends House. Till Sept. 24th.
Parties.: Council of Christian Pacifist Groups, 16 Victoria St, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, September 23rd—
"Goodbye, Mr. Chips," Shaftesbury.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Old Century and Seven More Years, by Siegfried Sassoon (Faber, 8*s.* 6*d.*), falls extremely appositely this week into the hands of thousands of happy readers who, I feel certain, will enjoy every word of this beautiful and charming book as much as I have done. But its full message, so appropriate to a world standing on the brink of war, will only be for those who bear in mind its author's other writings. Let them remember his poems; let them turn to *Survivors*, written at the shell-shock hospital at Craiglockart in 1917, and published in *Counter Attack*:

> They'll soon forget their haunted nights; their cowed
> Subjection to the ghosts of friends who died—
> Their dreams that drip with murder; and they'll be proud
> Of glorious war that shatter'd all their pride . . .
> Men who went out to battle, grim and glad;
> Children, with eyes that hate you, broken and mad.

And then let them turn to the moth-winged beauty of *Vigils*, those poems in which Sassoon came to full maturity as a poet:

> My past has gone to bed. Upstairs in clockless rooms
> My past is fast asleep. But mindsight reillumes
> Here in my ruminant head the days where dust lies deep.

One of the poems in *Vigils*—the only one in which the war is referred to, is explicit:

> Not much remains, twelve winters later, of the hater
> Of purgatorial pains. And somewhat softly booms
> A Somme bombardment: almost unbelieved-in looms
> The day-break sentry staring over Kiel Trench crater.

After one of the most lovely passages in this last book of memories, he speaks of how rapidly his chapter will be forgotten:

> To open almost any book a second time is to be reminded that we had forgotten well-nigh everything that the writer told us. Parting from the narrator and his narrative, we retain only a fading impression, and he, as it were, takes the book away from us and tucks it under his arm. Thus, for the great majority, these words will pass by, even as my figure vanishes on the footpath over the fields. A cloud crosses the sun and the cherry-orchards lose their moment of entrancement. Dream-led youth has crossed the next stile and rambled on, and you, who watched him pass, will soon forget.

The insistence on forgetting the past in all these passages is noteworthy in a writer entirely concerned with his own memories, and who has never tried to expel them by new imaginings instead of old evocations.

* * *

It is true, I think, that *The Old Century* will slip easily from the minds of very many, including some of those who have most enjoyed reading it, since it contains few of those passages which somehow put hooks into one's mind, and which make *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston* (the three volumes are now available bound up together under this title, Faber, 8*s.* 6*d.*) in the literal sense of the word, such a memorable book. *The Old Century* differs in many ways from the other memoirs, which dealt with George Sherston's unconscious preparation for war and his experiences in it. *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston*, in my opinion, is the greatest of all the books about the Western Front because the war never overwhelmed or smashed the author, whose spirit rose to the heroic whenever action was demanded, but faltered and finally shirked the issue when faced by the necessity of behaving logically, in accordance with his belief. This mixture of physical courage and moral cowardice is what makes wars possible, and what makes them last so long: it was the most illuminating lesson taught us by the Great War. Man will face anything as a crew loyal to one another: hardly any will stand to his opinion alone. George Sherston was therefore a transcendent example of the virtue and weakness and heroism and beauty of the generation which fought in the Great War: who thought themselves men, but who had the souls of children. The greatest of them, T. E. Lawrence, wrote:

> We lived many lives, never sparing ourselves any good or evil, yet when we achieved and the new world dawned, the old men came out again and took from us our victory, and re-made it in the likeness of the former world they knew.

The Sherston Memoirs are great not only because they are representative of the finest English spirit, but because the sharpness, cruelty, and unexpectedness of the experience were caught exactly: everything was precisely in focus, and yet the books were not too crowded with detail, for, to compose his picture, Sassoon did not hesitate to simplify and alter the inessentials of his story. Even George Sherston is not exactly the same person as S. S.

* * *

The Old Century is more truthful in these superficial respects: we read here of S. S. himself, of his mother, father, brothers, governesses and schoolmasters who appear under their real names. Since all these memories are of years long before the war, they are seen like the view when one looks out on one of these September mornings. The sun can be seen lighting up the roofs of farmhouse and barn, and the oaks emerge like islands in its light, but walls and trunks are sunk in a white sea of pearly mist. Much the same change that there is between the poems in *Counter Attack* and those of *Vigils* has come over the prose. Although there is nowhere a single mannerism which might remind one of the later writings of George Moore, there are many pages which have the quality that I like best in Moore, and which I can only describe as a sort of timeless unmoving saturation: ripeness and softness, dreaminess and flavour: the beauty of the fruit rather than the startling loveliness of blossom. Trying to read *The Crown of Wild Olives* on his twenty-first birthday is something young Moore might have done and which Old Moore would have enjoyed describing:

> After a few pages I lost the thread and lapsed into leaf-cutting—an occupation which was more compatible with my wandering thoughts. I might have continued cutting the leaves of Ruskin's works for the rest of the morning; but I began to be bothered by the flutterings of a butterfly imprisoned between the skylight and the gauze that was tacked over it to soften the glare.

Sassoon caught it—and found it was a Camberwell Beauty.

* * *

These memories of Siegfried Sassoon's childhood have for me personally such an odd feeling of being just round the corner from my own that the whole book continually awakes trains of my own memories. To my surprise I find that I knew his cousins quite well—but owing to his being six years older, I never heard of his existence until he had distinguished himself in the war. He was close enough in space also: some twelve miles to the East—a distance almost bridgeable by pony carriage. When he was a small child, his parents became estranged and separated; soon afterwards his father died and except for one aunt, Mrs. Beer, his Sassoon relatives counted for next to nothing in the book, while the Thornycrofts and Donaldsons counted for a very great deal. Mrs. Beer edited the *Sunday Times* in a desultory way. She was wealthy, brilliant, sensitive, but was going slightly mad, and refused to admit that her husband was a speechless paralytic:

> Once in 1897, when she was buying me a bat at Wisden's shop, she ordered a complete cricket outfit for Mr. Beer, practice net, stumps and all. "The footmen can bowl to him down at Richmond," she remarked casually.

When "a happy release" came for poor Mr. Beer, she refused to admit his death and made the day of the funeral a trying occasion. That is the only grim shadow in a book which, as I have indicated, is soaked in beauty and in the spirit of peace. The figures of nursemaids and tutors and schoolmasters are seen through the happy mist of childhood. One can hear the pony trotting down the road, the butcher boy hitting a six on the village green—in a world that knew no fear or doubts, and was as blandly delighted with Uncle John's torpedo-boats and destroyers as it was with Uncle Hamo's statues.

DAVID GARNETT

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AN AFRICAN ON AFRICAN LIFE

Facing Mount Kenya. By JOMO KENYATTA, with an Introduction by B. MALINOWSKI. *Secker and Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Bantu Beliefs and Magic. By C. W. HOBLEY, with an Introduction by SIR JAMES G. FRAZER. *Witherby.* 15*s.*

The Origin of the Inequality of the Social Classes. By GUNNAR LANDTMAN. *Kegan Paul.* 21*s.*

Facing Mount Kenya counts as an event in anthropological literature. How often has a man of a primitive race written a book about the customs, rites and institutions of his own people, and done it, moreover, with scientific competence and some literary power? One classical instance there is. Garcilaso de la Vega wrote two notable books about the Incas, but if he had a Peruvian mother, he had a Spanish father. Several Indian scholars have written on the folklore and customs of the more primitive races of their country, but they are Brahmins, as far removed from the aboriginals they studied as any European. Mr. Kenyatta, on the other hand, is a full-blooded member of the Gikuyu (usually spelt with a K) people, reared in its traditions, duly initiated, a warrior and a member of his tribal council, proud of his African blood and ways of thought. He has, however, studied anthropology in Europe, and one must congratulate Professor Malinowski on his brilliant pupil. While he is at pains to be accurate in his detailed accounts of the family system of the Gikuyu, their economic life, their rites and magic, he is not afraid to write with strong feeling, and when he does so, he can use our language with power and skill. Like the Inca, de la Vega, he is addressing the people who conquered his own folk, and like him he tends to idealise the vanquished culture, but he has a sense of his scientific duty that the sixteenth century writer lacked. The result is a book unique in anthropological literature, for it is an account of the social institutions and religious rites of an African people penetrated by the emotions that give to customs and observances their meaning. It is only the rarest of Europeans who possess the imagination to feel a primitive rite, as it were, from within. The average observer sees only the externals, the movements and the trappings. Anthropologists will prize this book, but it should interest everyone who cares to inform himself about the ways of life and modes of thought of an African people, once happy and well adjusted to its environment, whom we have disturbed and wronged.

The student of religion will find much to interest him in Mr. Kenyatta's account of the ideas and rites of the Gikuyu. Their high god, Ngai, is a sky-god, who has his seat on "the mountain of brightness," Mount Kenya, towards which his worshippers turn in prayer. Man may approach him and enlist his concern, never for an individual's needs, but only on behalf of a social group. The whole tribe may do this, notably to avert a drought or an epidemic, but normally the social unit that may invoke his aid is the patriarchal family of perhaps one or even two hundred persons. The occasions when a family may call on him are the four crises in human life, birth, initiation, marriage and death, and then only as a group affected by these events. Sacred trees, symbolising mountains, serve as the houses of god in some of these *rites de passage*. The form of prayer used by the elders at all public gatherings beseeches Ngai for wisdom, health, tranquillity and the increase of the fields and flocks. In personal emergencies, which do not concern this high god, who cares only for the tribe or the family group, the individual may seek the aid or avert the wrath of an ancestor. Mr. Kenyatta insists that ancestors are not "worshipped." The idea that penetrates the whole social life of this people is rather "communion with ancestors." This is perpetuated through contact with the soil in which the ancestors are buried. It is felt that they continually guide the elders. They are the guardians of the tree of god, and are physically present in the processions which pace around it. The gifts of beer or mutton offered to them are not, we are told, sacrifices so much as "tributes symbolising the gifts which the departed elders would have received had they been alive." Though ancestral spirits may injure a descendant who has offended them, they are evidently regarded, contrary to Sir James Frazer's opinion, as primarily benevolent. It is their especial concern to maintain harmony within the family group and the tribe, and all quarrels must be composed before any solemn rite. The ancestors are, moreover, the guardians of the aged and the weak. The pages dealing with religion gain much from the actual text of the prayers used in each rite.

Sometimes this quotation of the actual words used affords a valuable clue. Brides in this tribe, as in so many others, must behave with an ironical reluctance and modesty. Does this spring, as Crawley argues in *The Mystic Rose*, from a dread of sex? Or does it mean that in this rite, as in others, the protagonist is a spiritual person, who behaves as spirits do? The words she uses seem to be a case of "backward speaking" (p. 172), such as is characteristic of ghosts. Again, Mr. Kenyatta's account of the initiation rite brings out very clearly the significance of its several phases, which run parallel to many others the world over. Particularly interesting is the mimic enactment of a delivery, when the initiates are "born again" as children of the whole tribe. Again, the author helps us to realise the emotional tie that binds together as companions for life all members of the same age-class, who were initiated at the same time. This even involves, as a recognised obligation of hospitality, the sharing of wives with members of one's age-group. Finally, he gives a clear account of the working of that singular form of dual organisation, the *itwika*, by which successive generations replace each other in the government of the tribe. But how did this peculiar institution originate?

This book is, however, something more than a lively and objective account of the way of life of the Gikuyu. Throughout it runs the protest of a deeply wronged people, whose traditional institutions are in decay, while civilisation has brought them as yet little more than taxes, armed police, hired labour and a sense of bondage and frustration. The main wrong was, of course, the appropriation of their land for European settlement. But Mr. Kenyatta dwells on two further evils due to possibly interested ignorance. The assumption was made that the land of the Gikuyu was under communal ownership: consequently it now fell to the Crown. Actually, he maintains, ownership is individual, and is vested in the head of the family, who, however, acts as a trustee, and may allow others to cultivate it, but never charges a rent. Further, he maintains that the traditional democracy of the tribe has been destroyed. Its governing body was the council of elders: it had no "chiefs." To-day, under the European official, a native chief or headman has been nominated, who can wield no moral authority, since he represents not the people but their conquerors, and is in fact both venal and arbitrary. The abandonment of the old sanctions for law, the oath and the curse, has led to the corruption of justice. The general picture is of a people rapidly degenerating, because it is losing its old system of education for social duty, and the cement of the age-classes that gave it solidarity and discipline. To this moving and readable book is prefixed a dedication to all the dispossessed youth of Africa: "for perpetuation of communion with ancestral spirits through the fight for African freedom, and in the firm faith that the dead, the living and the unborn will unite to rebuild the destroyed shrines."

Much of the same ground is covered by Mr. Hobley, a retired senior official of Kenya Colony. His description of the institutions, rites and magic of the Gikuyu is both accurate and ample, but it lacks the emotional insight of Mr. Kenyatta's account. When he turns to the social and political outlook of to-day, though he writes from a conservative standpoint, he is hardly more complacent than our African critic. He admits (p. 319) that the original alienation of tribal lands was indefensible, and concedes the hardship of the native "squatters'" case. He believes that white prestige suffered severely in the war, and that the confidence of the natives in the Government has greatly lessened in recent years. He is almost as outspoken as Mr. Kenyatta in condemning the nominated "headmen," whose numerous retainers commonly practise "extortion" (pp. 314–5). He says, frankly, and he is doubtless right, that Christianity, as a religion of personal salvation, is unsuited to the social mind of these Africans. Islam may be more congenial, but he thinks it politically dangerous. He describes the missionary system of education as narrow and inefficient, but in any event 90 per cent. of the children escape any formal schooling, good or bad. After pondering this cheerless picture drawn by a former official, the reader is not impressed by his exhortation to trust the man on the spot.

Professor Landtman's title promises rather more than he performs. This big book is the fruit of enormous industry. The whole literature of anthropology is laid under tribute to furnish accounts from all over the world of primitive conditions viewed from the standpoint of class-structure. We start from the original undifferentiated classless society. The influence of personal talent, occupations and wealth is then considered. The two fullest chapters deal with wizards and priests (surely rather

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an occupation than a "class"), and with slavery. So we pass to the nobility and thereafter to councils of elders (surely the more primitive institution). One cannot praise the book too highly as a compilation of recorded facts. It is regrettable that the author uses his first-hand knowledge of the Kiwai Papuans so sparingly. His method is throughout that of the comparative school. The canvas is flat. Peoples of the most various levels of culture are juxtaposed, and no allowance is made either for the possibility of degeneration or for the diffusion of culture. The treatment of the institution of aristocracy is peculiarly disappointing. Can one grasp the meaning of nobility without at least discussing the possibility that it arose as a by-product of the institution of quasi-divine kingship? But analysis in this book is almost wholly absent, and it leads to few conclusions that might enlighten the student of sociology. As an orderly collection of material, however, it deserves our gratitude.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

TRUTH AT BAY

Testament. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Cassell.* 9s.

Your verdict on Mr. Hutchinson's new novel will depend largely on the importance you attach to the inventive faculty in a novelist. You cannot read far into these 729 closely printed pages without discovering that the author is a man of copious and convincing invention. Fifty years ago readers, whether consciously or unconsciously, accounted this quality the novelist's supreme virtue; since then the emphasis has shifted to minutiae of atmosphere and psychology. Freud, Proust, Chehov opened up so much hitherto unmapped country that our more serious writers are still for the most part rummaging about in their tracks. But delight in good narrative is instinctive in us and will return; indeed there is always someone (Maugham, for instance) to carry on the tradition. The trouble is that inventive and narrative powers are often allied with poverty of thought, insensibility to beauty, indifference to spiritual values. That is why traditional fiction is discredited in the eyes of a serious public increasingly preoccupied with the increasingly shocking state of the world. The importance of Mr. Hutchinson is that in him the facility of a born novelist is united with understanding of the spiritual predicament which faces civilisation. His story is in the highest degree topical; indeed it has been topical for twenty years, and there is no saying when, if ever, it will cease to be topical. The subject of *Testament* is truth at bay.

The hero of this impressive novel is Count Anton Scheffler, a St. Petersburg lawyer, who before the war devoted his great skill to the defence of radical victims of the Okhrana—the infamous political police. By nature the least military of men, he joins the army and makes himself a useful officer; but he cannot wholly subordinate his conscience to military discipline. He is arrested on a charge of insubordination, and as a natural consequence, finds himself, on the outbreak of the Revolution, hailed as a popular hero. The irony of his new position gradually becomes apparent: the disinterested pursuit of truth and honour means no more to the new masters than to the old; refusing to compromise, he is arrested again, and at last a "trial" is staged, so monstrous and cynical that a few years ago it would have been dismissed as an impossible exaggeration. But not to-day. The conflict of authority and conscience is developed with brilliant clarity: Scheffler emerges as a saint, but not a prig, and the opposition, whether Tsarist or Communist, is also seen from the inside. They are not all knaves and fools; Mr. Hutchinson can see the case for authority. "What safety, what order could there be in any society where a member moved to right and left by every hazard of his moral judgments, regardless of his previous undertaking?" That is an officer's reflection; and long afterwards a commissar says essentially the same thing: "I simply tell you that a new Russia is not to be made in a single generation—as we are making it—if every smallest step is to be clogged by petty scrupulosities." Against them is pitted Scheffler's unchanging faith: "You see, the real difference between us is that you regard truth as a bourgeois superstition; you think that when it hinders you you can always crush it out with electric bulbs and strips of rubber. That is what the Okhrana thought. I disagree with that."

Mr. Hutchinson does justice to his noble theme, but that is not to say that his book is a flawless masterpiece. The writing is assured and solid rather than imaginative; if it never lets us down, it never raises us very high, except perhaps in the opening sixty pages. He does not command much variation of pace; the crazy auction, for example, of a St. Petersburg aristocrat is full of good detail, but the writing does not *convey* the sense of delirium, it only *describes* it. (A minor annoyance is the number of Russian words—starotsa, piroghi, szlachta, etc.—used without explanation.) Nor am I sure that the author was wise to interlace Scheffler's story with the no less harrowing experiences of the narrator, a fellow officer who becomes his fast friend during their captivity in Austria; the insistence on the latter's devotion to his wife Natalia is a little overdone, and there are stretches in the middle where we feel a slackening of rhythmic tension. But there is no mistaking the skill and assurance of the whole design, and the variety and richness of the Russian panorama which it unfolds. The author's comprehension of Russian landscape and mentality is astonishing in an Englishman; even the idiom sounds right. Here is an ironical army officer:

> In your day we used to have soldiers, they weren't great thinking men, they weren't asked to think, the bargain was that we clever fellows should do the thinking for them so long as they had the right thoughts about the Germans, *videlicet*, that the Germans had to be skewered. Now we don't have soldiers, we have nothing but a set of grisly metaphysicians

The sentiment is sound international Blimp, its expression purely Russian. Mr. Hutchinson's inexhaustible invention has created a number of memorable characters (notably Scheffler's wife and the Jewish lawyer Strubensohn) and a long succession of memorable scenes; soldiers retreating in disorder, life in prison camps and hospitals, Petrograd drawing-rooms before and after the Revolution, the back streets of Moscow on the eve of Lenin's triumph. More than anything, he conveys a sense of the fabulous disorder which prevailed throughout the vast Russian spaces, the interminable delays of travelling, the impossibility of getting anything done. But for all the disorder and cruelty it is not a depressing book; the reason is that, in Chehov's well-known words, "every line is permeated, as with a juice, by awareness of a purpose, you feel, besides life as it is, also life as it ought to be."

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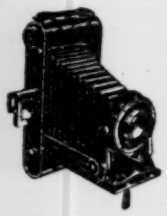

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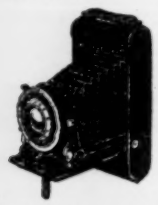

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NATIONALISATION À LA MODE

The Public Corporation in Great Britain. By LINCOLN GORDON. *Oxford University Press.* 16s.

Last year the New Fabian Research Bureau issued, under the title *Public Enterprise*, an important series of studies of the various agencies established, mostly since the war, to administer certain services on a non-profit basis, and subject to some degree of public control. Mr. Gordon, an American who worked on his book in Oxford, now follows with this further study, covering a narrower field in greater detail. Both works deal with the four leading examples of the "Public Corporation"—the Port of London Authority, the Central Electricity Board, the London Passenger Transport Board, and the B.B.C.; but, whereas the New Fabian volume dealt also with the Post Office, the Forestry Commission, the Coal Reorganisation Commission, and the Agricultural Marketing Board, Mr. Gordon confines his attention to the four first-mentioned bodies, except in brief opening and closing chapters, in which he traces briefly the evolution of the Public Corporation and passes general comment upon its record.

As a study of the facts, Mr. Gordon's book is admirable. It is scholarly, well documented, accurate, and yet never dull. Especially valuable is its careful account of the financial working of each of the Corporations surveyed, and of the form and extent of control over them by Parliament and the Government. But the author is not content merely to recite the facts: he accompanies them throughout by shrewd and constructive comment. He is, for example, highly critical of the extraordinary financial provisions of the London Passenger Transport Act, of the excessive centralisation of power in the hands of the Director-General of the B.B.C., and of the unsatisfactory limitations on the C.E.B. on account of the refusal to concede it the ownership of the generating stations whose output it has to purchase. As a narrator and as a critic, Mr. Gordon leaves nothing to be desired.

He stops short, however, of considering to any great extent the wider implications of the new forms of economic organisation which he describes. He is content to consider each Corporation on its merits, and on the assumption that it will continue to exist as a practically self-contained unit in an environment dominated by profit-seeking capitalist enterprise. On this assumption, he desires to give each Corporation the widest possible freedom from public interference in its work, and to make each as like a great joint stock company as a body not working for profit and having its directors appointed to represent the public interests can be. He mentions, only to say that he will not consider, the very different problems of co-ordination between the Corporations that would arise if they become numerous under a Government bent on advancing towards Socialism, or at all events towards some sort of comprehensive economic planning under public auspices. This is no doubt partly because he is an American, with one eye on the "public utilities" problem of the United States and the possible use of the British examples in thinking out how to solve it. But it is also because his main interest is in the actual working of the services already brought under control by Corporations, from the administrators and financial point of view.

Experiments have been made in this country in two types of Corporation—the "representative," such as the P.L.A., and the "appointed," to which the C.E.B., the B.B.C., and the L.P.T.B. all belong. Save in very special cases, Mr. Gordon, like Mr. Morrison in his recent book, strongly favours the second type, on the valid ground that representatives of often conflicting interests cannot be combined to form an efficient administrative body. This ground is valid to-day, but it might be less so under a Socialist system, which would raise more acutely the question, very lightly dismissed by Mr. Gordon, of workers' control in a society more immune than ours from conflicts of class-interest. Such considerations hardly arise from Mr. Gordon's point of view, which relates solely to the use of the Public Corporation within the framework of capitalism; but they are important for Socialists, who aim at making the Public Corporation a stepping-stone towards a planned economy based on social ownership and democratic control.

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Irish Holiday. By DOROTHY HARTLEY. *Lindsay Drummond.* 7s. 6d.

Nostalgia is one of the strongest elements in imaginative writing—it is lack of regret, the harsh wish to break with the past, or to resent its power, that makes so much anti-nostalgic prose nowadays shallow, laboured and poor. However much one may dislike the past morally, it is futile to refuse to assimilate it: the very attempt inhibits half the faculties and drains much of the nature out of personal life. No doubt one would be freer with no attachments, but one would be free uselessly, free in a vacuum.

As against this, it is dangerous to overwork nostalgias: they do still tend to figure rather too largely in one kind of romantic intimacy; they become odious when they have been given the too purely literary mould, and they may land one in bogs of infantilism. Childhoods, described with sensitive self-solicitude, crop up all over fiction and *belles lettres*. One ought to write or speak of one's own youth with an amiable dryness, perfectly undramatic; memories being so charged with emotion, one's treatment of them cannot be too matter-of-fact. *Three Homes*, the work of two brothers and a sister, is a model of how such a book (a record of family life) should be written. Its three authors each write alternate passages; there has been collaboration in the scheme of the book; a certain family likeness underlies style and outlook, but at the same time there is a freshness of feeling, a felt independence rare in collaborations. Mr. Lennox and Mr. Tom Robinson and Mrs. Dorman remain clearly differentiated. There is little or no self-portraiture, and the styles are impersonal, but it is possible, opening the book at any passage ahead, to tell which of the three is writing: the difference is less in style than in the kind of affectibility shown in remembering common experiences. In the complete picture (for *Three Homes* is a very complete picture) oppositions and contrasts are brought out; the very inconsistencies as to fact are telling; one gets the sense of family life as being a complex unity.

Three Homes is not marred by a touch of false sentiment. The three houses—Westgrove, outside Cork, 5 Fisher Street, Kinsale, and Ballymoney Rectory—in which the Robinson family successively lived, are evoked with startling completeness, with an

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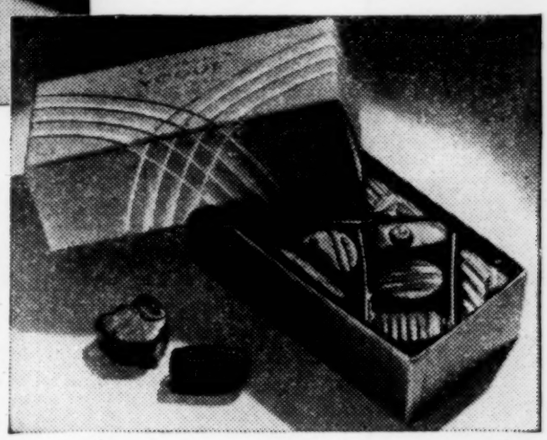

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admirable absence of reminiscent sing-song and no literary fuss. Every phrase goes direct to the reader's imagination—surely this is ideal? The three styles, each with the common quality of being at once imaginative and matter-of-fact, make to the same end—they give objects and incidents the power to recreate the feeling they once inspired. The writers seem to praise without prejudice, to condemn without resentment. In Ireland, what is commonplace in England is always rather more lyrical, more disconcerting, at once more deeply natural and more insecure. There are always more changes and chances to be contended with—uncertainties of fortune, freaks of temperament, plain physical danger, false starts and enmities. In the middle of all this, the natural genius continues to find outlets that are comfortable and plain—neighbourliness, love of places, family life. Genius almost certainly does appear, or has appeared up to now, in the Irish aptitude for family life. Occasionally this genius goes awry, and pathological unhappiness results—for relations so closely affect that they can torture each other. In happier cases, however, life remains lyrical, dignified, pervaded by a sweetness that is perhaps climatic, and at the same time brisked up by an astringent wit. Sociability is a great element—life in the south of Ireland was, and still can be, exceedingly gay. Perhaps at one time the sun really did shine more—picnic parties had seldom to be abandoned, and ladies wore muslins throughout the summer. A little money went a most astonishing way. Life was very stylish, however insecure. Celtic gloom was kept in its place, like smoke under a floor. In the days of the Robinson family's youth, the Ascendency was still the Ascendency.

Three Homes presents, among other things, a valuable picture of a society. Protestantism in Ireland is not a political accident; it is a very positive facet of Irish life. The Kinsale part of the book is the most interesting from the purely documentary point of view—the complexities of Irish small town life, with its strata of snobbery, can seldom have been so well presented before. Mrs. Dorman, as a sociable growing girl, and her brother Tom, as a sociable boy, found Kinsale delightful; their brother Lennox, as a difficult child, was oppressed by it. . . . *Three Homes* is full of agreeably touched-in portraits—of dashing Cork business people, of genteel Kinsale notabilities, of gardeners and cultured gentry and shady cooks. Even people who now find, with perhaps some excuse, the entire subject of Ireland boring should not fail to enjoy this very civilised book, in which the past of a class that stretched over Europe is seen in its gentle brilliance, with an unmisty eye.

Miss Hartley feels for Ireland, for its seabirds, its lore, its primroses, a mystical enthusiasm into which we Irish find it hard to enter. It is, however, exceedingly gratifying. *Irish Holiday* is an account of her trip, in a car, though parts of Ireland, with Giraldus Cambrensis and a living companion called Leon. Miss Hartley is learned, vivacious, inquisitive; she shows an informed interest in domestic arts and crafts, energy and a most impressive indifference to discomfort and even danger. Her descriptive passages are nice; the only pity is that she should be whimsical. More and more high-minded English people seem to be coming to Ireland, and no doubt it is for them that this book is written. *Irish Holiday* concludes with some notes, in an appendix, on camp cooking which should be very useful to English people camping in Ireland or travelling in caravans. . . . Why is the decay of society in any country always marked by an influx of tourists?

ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE ORACLE OF DARMSTADT

From Suffering to Fulfilment. By HERMANN KEYSERLING. *Selwyn and Blount.* 16*s.*

A School of Wisdom at Darmstadt is mentioned more than once in the course of this book, as the scene of its author's labours as a thinker and a teacher. "School of Wisdom" calls up to the mind a picture of a smug congregation, with a taste for platitude, and for "high" rather than "hard" thinking; and the unfortunate title which Count Hermann Keyserling has chosen for his latest book fits in with the impression thus created. The Count's complacency is immense:

> I know primarily—and I knew it already when there was not as yet the least sign of my vocation—that I have on earth a mission to fulfil. . . .
>
> My attitude to death is peculiar. . . .
>
> If ever a man has had personal experience of the Higher Spiritual Powers it is myself. Any other man in my place would *know* that he was impelled, guided and protected by a Divine Providence. But I personally will draw no inference from what I experience till I have really understood it. . . .
>
> I come now to the problem of belief in my own special mission. . . .

Withal, Keyserling has a good many interesting things to say. It may be that these come only incidentally, or as it were at a tangent, for suspicion attaches to the sources of his message which are (and this is characteristic of the higher thought) largely in Hindu practices and in the recent pseudo-sciences. But if his congregation are, in Emerson's phrase, "meek lovers of the good," they must be frequently rendered uncomfortable by his pronouncements. He would rather startle than soothe.

This book sets out a theory of man rather than a philosophy as philosophy is ordinarily understood. The Count will probably carry the sympathies of many readers with him when he declares that we look vainly to the schools for any guidance towards an understanding of our present distresses. The profound agnosticism of Kant should have put an end to all speculation of exclusively intellectual origin, and left the stage free for the sage, or the mystic, whose teaching will be in the first instance a genuine Expression of an integral experience of the world. All this is not novel; Newman long ago said something like it with his distinction between real and conceptual apprehension, and it is fairly certain that no philosophy, however apparently abstract its processes, has survived which cannot be felt as a personal confession. On the other hand, the elevation of distrust of the intelligence into a dogma (hardly contemplated by Kant!) has its obvious dangers in practical life; French writers such as Maurras and Seillière have found in the deification of the irrational the origin of the more ominous of recent phenomena from Central Europe. The Count welcomes these phenomena, "Earth forces," as he calls them, not for their own sake (ultimately he is all for liberty and the spirit), but because they have forced attention on unpleasing realities, and on the need, provoked by the growth of science and of technical skill, of supplying new interpretations of the ideas of freedom and of progress. The problem of the "increasing horror and infelicity of our time" is stated, sensibly enough, at the beginning of his book—namely that although the "objectification" of the external side of life is not to be deplored in itself,

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it must be counterbalanced by a deepening of all that is personal and the knowledge that all questions properly human have nothing to do with it: otherwise man will continue "drawing nearer and nearer to the ingenious insect."

The "perfect sage," as here delineated, is a man detached but not indifferent to events. Therefore, in endeavouring to show how, as he puts it, the Self can find its exact relation with the Universe "at this stage of Evolution," the Count is not debarred from dwelling on topical disturbances among the nations, perceived as the consequencies of the effort to break down the barriers erected by eighteenth-century rationalism. As his previous books have shown, he is a clever observer of the psychological differences between the peoples; and the pages in which he replies to Ernest Seillière, than whom no Frenchman in 200 years has shown, "from premisses so profoundly French, so sincere a desire to comprehend Germanism," are particularly interesting. Being himself a good European the Count is far from swallowing the Nazi ideology whole, or from excluding France from her part in the reconstruction of the European soul; the word Aryan does not once appear in the course of his disquisitions, and he remarks in one passage that it is tradition not blood which makes the real difference. But his interpretation of the German character and its destiny is disquieting. "The German is the being who is never constrained to remain as he is. . . . It is profoundly German to provoke a *dénouement* which, from the point of view of reason, is senseless, because it might be avoided."

J. M. HONE

VICTORIAN RADICALS

English Radicalism, 1853-1886. By S. MACCOBY. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

This volume has all the merits of its predecessor. Like that, also, it is less a continuous history of its subject than a series of essays upon different aspects of it. Like it, also, it has gone to sources largely untouched by the ordinary histories—the rich Howell Papers in the Bishopsgate Institute, the lesser-known radical and working-men's press, parliamentary papers that have still many secrets to reveal. Dr. Maccoby brings new light of real value to bear on many old themes. He has important things to say on Radicalism in the context of foreign affairs, the colonies, India, local government. While I do not think his volume alters, in the large, the generally accepted view of the period, it contributes throughout valuable minutiae that alter the proportions and the perspective. It provides some interesting analogies and contrasts with our own day. It points the way to a good deal of research that still needs to be done on particular themes.

That I suspect, is both Dr. Maccoby's main objective, and the main value of his results. Here is a working-class movement distracted, as in our own day, between the claims of reconstruction at home, and the hatred of tyranny abroad. Here is a House of Lords standing firmly across the path of reform, impossible to abolish and impossible to reconstruct. Here is a Trades Union Congress in which extremists like Mr. Keir Hardie batter in vain against the administrative fortress of the bureaucracy. Here is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain seeking the leadership of the Radicals by preaching the gospel of ransom, and getting ready, out of disappointed ambition, to desert to the other side. Some of the quotations might have been penned yesterday. "There will be an attempt," wrote Bright to Cobden in 1853, "on the part of moderate Tories and moderate Whigs, and timid men who call themselves neither Tories nor Whigs, and of the press, to put down any independent action on the part of the Radicals. We shall be told to trust everywhere to men of 'long tried statesmanship,' to a 'combination of talent,' to a 'strong government, etc. . . .' and if we do trust everything to them, we shall be sold as usual." Here, too, is Lord Shaftesbury, in one of his Pecksniff-Page Croft moods, declaring that "civil and religious liberty are complete with us; the people have not a wrong unredressed, nor the Radicals a right unattained"; this in 1853. And here is Sir Robert Giffen straining the possibilities of statistics to insist that the working class, on the eve of the Dock Strike, have reason for gratitude to their masters. There are voices, like those of Ruskin and Morris, crying in the wilderness. But, on the whole, it is a comfortable and complacent England, serenely confident of its power, convinced that the final bargain has been made with Fate, willing to be ruled by its betters. Over the whole Radical movement towers the figure of Gladstone; and it is difficult to know whether he did it more good or harm. On all this, Dr. Maccoby has constant illumination to offer.

H. J. LASKI

LA TERRE QUI MEURT

Famine in England. By VISCOUNT LYMINGTON. *Witherby.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The deluge of criticism, not to say abuse, that recently descended on the Ministry of Agriculture when Food Storage was being debated in press and Parliament, had little visible effect at the time. Lord Lymington's book is largely concerned with this question. The first three chapters paint a lurid picture of what might be the consequences of war to this country, if without food reserves. But *Famine in England* is more than a contribution to the subject of national defence; it is a spirited indictment of the decay of agriculture.

All the world over (though least of all in Asia), the soil has been exploited for immediate profit and rendered unfertile and unproductive. Monoculture, the felling of vast areas of forest, the exaggerated use of artificial manures—these and other methods of "something-for-nothing" farming have all wrought havoc. The land is literally dying. Unless agricultural regeneration comes, humanity is threatened with widespread starvation, in the author's view, even without the agency of war.

In this country it is not surprising that farming is in a bad way. Such little help as is given by the Government seems meagre beside the subsidies and debt-rebatements and other means of assistance that most other countries which export agricultural products afford. Our professional politicians seldom know much about farming, and many of them seem to care even less. Cincinnatusses are rare. The Ministers of Agriculture themselves have seldom more than second-rate knowledge of the soil, and the Civil Servants who do their work for them have gained theirs from books rather than the use of their hands. It should be realised, too, that the agricultural vote is too scattered to be anything like fairly represented under our present electoral system.

The results of governmental neglect are manifest: impoverished, debt-ridden farmers; rising food prices; low and inadequate farm wages; labour shortage, yet thousands of countrymen swelling the dole-queues in the towns; millions of acres of good land steadily going to waste or at the mercy of commercial exploitation. Farmers are notorious grumblers, but here they really have cause.

Sooner or later a revival of agriculture on a large scale must come whatever the course of political events. Lord Lymington has produced a Recall to the Land. It is significant that even Henry Ford, whilom arch-priest of Industrialism, the "Our Ford" of *Brave New World*, is urging on Roosevelt the need for a "Back-to-the-Farms" campaign.

Some of Lord Lymington's political comments are liable to antagonise NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers. That is a pity, because the future of agriculture is not primarily a political but a social issue, and *Famine in England* deserves to be very widely read.

R. A. UNWIN

Masaryk on Thought and Life. Conversations with Karel Capek. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Those who turn to this book to find a practical exposition of the minorities question, and a possible means for its solution, will discover only passing references, for the presence of a discontented minority is ignored in the conscious excitement of evolving a new state and constitution. The Masaryk revealed in these conversations subscribes to Liberalism, and an outmoded Liberalism at that, with freedom as an end in itself. He wanted a democracy based on "Religiousness" (the translation at times can be very obscure) where religion is the rational orientation of man to the universe, to a pantheist God, and to himself. John Stuart Mill maintains in his essay "On Liberty" that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually and collectively, in interfering with freedom of action is self-protection, and this is the motif of the Masaryk doctrine, though religion hardly figured actively in Mill's society. Here is the strange spectacle of a post-war President calling for, and believing in, faith and love amongst his people and neighbours, who counts democracy as a view of life which rests on faith in men, in humanity, and in human nature. Thus the conversations are disappointing, for the sentiments expressed are not Masaryk as President, but as the professor of philosophy, advocating a "practical" platonism, which would call for enthusiasm from a tenacious but unenthusiastic people.

The New Ireland. By J. B. MORTON. *Sands.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

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under which the Government Party has had to work, but he pays a fine tribute to what has already been achieved in the economic programme. He allows enthusiasm, however, to outrun discretion or personal knowledge of actual conditions. He avoids the less agreeable features of contemporary politics in Ireland and fails to mention the growing public grievance against the pension racket and the tariff profiteering. But Mr. Morton, to give him his due, does not long conceal from us the real object of this reactionary little book. His aim is to apotheosise the new Constitution of Eire as a practical expression of the famous Papal Encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*. In placing Mr. De Valera before us as his chosen apostle of Catholicism, Mr. Morton is obviously forced into a discreet silence regarding the attitude of the Hierarchy and clergy towards the Republican Party only a very few years ago. Unlike Arthur Griffith and Mr. De Valera himself, he confuses the historical social history of Ireland with the aspirations of Leo XIII. The whole Sinn Fein movement, the Fenian movement and the land war were fought out in practically entire opposition to the Church in Ireland. The theological trimmings to the new Constitution were put in to capture the large clerical vote from Mr. Cosgrave. For the more dangerous and obscurantist clauses in the Constitution, which were inevitably a part of a bargain with the Hierarchy, Mr. Morton has nothing but praise. He dismisses with manly contempt the "Intellectuals" who object to censorship, clerical domination of education and the overwhelming material possessions of the Church, and assures us that their anti-clericalism is a pose. But he is equally scornful of his co-religionists when they happen to disagree with his own reactionary opinions. The attempt to curtail in the Constitution the modern freedom of women led to vehement protests by a "group of women." Mr. Morton informs us that this group must have "got by hearsay some garbled version of the clause," and he hints at certain agitators making political capital of the occasion. He does not mention that the protest came from distinguished Catholic women professors and women-graduates of the National University of Ireland, which is a predominantly Catholic institution. If Mr. Morton is aware of these facts, why has he suppressed them?

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE first two symphonies of Beethoven have each been recorded once again; the *First* for H.M.V. by Toscanini and the B.B.C. Orchestra (3½ records), the *Second* for Col. by Weingartner and the L.S.O. (4 records). Beethoven's No. 1 says farewell to the eighteenth century with such good humour and sympathy that no one could have guessed on what strange paths the composer was about to venture. The Finale is full of the spirit of Haydn: compare, e.g., its first theme with that of the Finale of the Haydn symphony recently recorded by Toscanini. Once again the great man secures a performance tingling with energy and rhythm: he even gives the music a weight and momentum that make it seem more truly Beethoven-ish than we usually find it. The recording is admirable, and no one need trouble to do another *First* for a long while. But how one wishes that the *Ninth* or the Verdi *Requiem* could have been salvaged instead out of Toscanini's recent visits to this country. At first sight it is surprising that Columbia should publish a new *Second* when they have on their lists so superlative a performance as that by Beecham and the L.P.O. The reason is that they wish, very laudably, to record all nine of Beethoven's symphonies under Weingartner's direction. Unlike some of the others this is an excellent recording, clean in tone and free from echo. But the better is the enemy of the good, and I do not see how any musician could deny the superiority, almost bar for bar, of the Beecham version. In the first place the quality and balance of his orchestra is finer: the wood-wind sweeter, the strings richer. In the second place this symphony is, as concert-goers know, one of Beecham's prime favourites, and he lavishes on it all his genius for the shaping of phrases and of whole movements; he even follows Beethoven's directions more carefully (*Larghetto*, bars 52–54). It is most instructive to compare the two versions in the *Trio* of the *Scherzo*, or in that delicious jaunty, lackadaisical tune that forms part of the second subject of the *Larghetto*. The Weingartner is a sound, musicianly, even authoritative performance (far better, for instance, than any existing set of the *Eighth*), but the other is something more: it transmits to the listener the infectious, creative delight of an orchestral genius in the music upon which he is engaged.

Decca issue a third series of Handel *Concerti Grossi* containing Nos. 7, 8 and 9, each of which occupies two complete records. The players, as before, are the Boyd Neel String Orchestra. Having only heard isolated discs from the earlier albums, I cannot say offhand whether the new issue raises or merely maintains the standard of music, performance and recording. At all events there are in these three concertos no dull movements and several of the most delightful freshness and invention, notably the *Andante* of No. 7 with its elegant and touching echo-effects, the noble cortège-like *Grave* of No. 8, and the *Larghetto* in lilting Siciliano rhythm of No. 9. Boyd Neel handles the music with admirable vigour and sensibility, and only once or twice might one wish for finer shading or more supple rhythm. I have derived enormous enjoyment from the whole set, and find it difficult to select any one concerto for special recommendation. Perhaps No. 7 contains the greatest music, but to offset that I think the playing and recording improve slightly in Nos. 8 and 9. If you possibly can, get them all. Another string orchestra, the Jacques, gives us, on a twelve-inch Columbia, Handel's peaceful *Berenice* Minuet and three Dances from Purcell's *Faery Queen*. The same combination play on two small Cols. Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*, music which, in spite of some dated modality, retains much of its charm. Fauré's 'cello *Elégie*, a pleasant example of his lyrical style below its very best, is recorded by the Boston Orch. (Koussevitzky) on a single H.M.V.; I don't know whether the transcription of the piano part is the composer's, but it sounds very well. Finally, there are two overtures: Wagner's *Fleigender Holländer* on 3 Col. sides (Beecham and L.P.O.) with the atrocious *Tannhäuser* March as fill-up, and Borodin's *Prince Igor* on a single Parlophone (E.I.A.R. Orch., conducted by Amfitheatrof). I have not had the energy to chase rival *Flying Dutchmen* around London, but this bold and brilliant version should be as good as any; the economical may, however, like to know that there are two single-record versions on the H.M.V. list. The Italians handle their Borodin vigorously, indeed too roughly.

Schubert's *Impromptus* (4 of Op. 90, 4 of Op. 142) have been recorded complete, for the first time, on six H.M.V.s by Edwin Fischer. The music is too familiar to need comment, and the pianist's tonal beauty and variety and his subtle musicianship give constant pleasure: he loves Schubert and has the right intimate manner. But few of his records reveal so clearly as these the gap between his art and his technique. The *Impromptus* are not very hard; I have played most of them myself, and consequently know where the tricky bits come. Although Fischer makes a brave show of the most difficult of all, the flashy, empty Op. 142, No. 4, he often fails in the simpler pieces. Nos. 3 and 4 of Op. 90 and No. 1 of Op. 142 are built largely on those rippling

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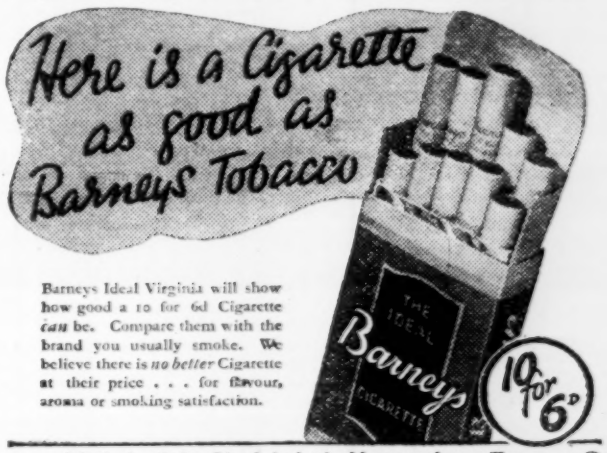

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arpeggio figures so characteristic of Schubert; it is essential that they should be *absolutely* even and smooth, as is, for instance, the accompaniment to *Wohin* when played by Gerald Moore. This smoothness Fischer does not achieve, and, furthermore, in his (otherwise delightful) soft playing he is apt to miss out notes altogether. These faults, combined with faulty pedalling, quite spoil Op. 90, No. 4. In the extremely beautiful Op. 142, No. 1, they are far less evident, and almost absent in the variations on the B flat *Rosamunde* theme, Op. 142, No. 3; and I cordially recommend these two records (DB 3487 and 3489) as the cream of the whole set. But I cannot help wishing that Schnabel or Lili Kraus or Clifford Curzon had been chosen for this important task. Lili Kraus does appear on the month's lists, playing Mozart's 10 *Variations in G major on a theme of Gluck* (K. 455); this occupies three Parlophone sides, the fourth having the pretty little *Rondo in D major* (K. 485). The Mozart is generally reckoned the best of his many sets of variations, containing some really beautiful music as well as some that is conventional; Miss Kraus plays it with all the elegance and clarity of articulation which put her records in a class apart. In many respects she is the ideal recording pianist, and I should like to suggest to Parlophone that she should do Beethoven's great Op. 101 Sonata, of which no separate version is obtainable. Two more Columbias complete Kilenyi's recording of Chopin's Op. 10 *Studies*, a series of great technical brilliance and considerable interpretative power, though there are times when we feel that his conception of "pianissimo" would have horrified the composer. Kentner devotes two Cols. to the emptiest Liszt composition I have ever heard, *Venezia e Napoli*; let the Liszt whole-hoggers say what they will, I know few things so inane as the opening melody of this work.

There is one operatic record which, though not perfect, will make an irresistible appeal to all admirers of Verdi's genius. It is a complete version (Parlo.) by Tancredi Pasero of the great bass aria from *Don Carlo*, "Ella giammai m'amò," which depicts with profound beauty Philip II's gloomy nocturnal meditations. A knowledge of the words is essential to the full enjoyment of this *scena*, a highly original blend of recitative, arioso and aria, and one of Verdi's ripest pre-*Otello* achievements. In this record the important orchestral part is splendidly played, and Pasero displays noble qualities of voice, but, like all contemporary Italian singers but one, sacrifices everything to volume, producing a hearty bellow where the sense and the character call for a weary, hollow, sombre tone-colour. Nevertheless this is the only version to buy (the Kipnis is cut, and sung gruffly in German) and it does capture the unique and extraordinary thrill of the music. I wish H.M.V. could be persuaded to issue here the record of this scene by that great artist Vanni-Marcoux, which looks so tempting in the catalogue but is, alas, unobtainable even in France. Tino Rossi, France's Tauber-plus-Valentino, breaks into opera with a polished performance of the charming Aubade from Lalo's *Roi d'Ys* and the Dream from *Manon*; the vocal line is steady and flexible, the diction exemplary (Col.). Kullman, the Walther of Toscanini's Salzburg *Meistersinger*, makes a very acceptable record of the Prize Song coupled with Lohengrin's Narration (Col.). Vera Schwarz, Glyndebourne's admired Lady Macbeth, drags sentimentally Reger's lovely *Mariae Wiegenlied* (of which the definitive version is Elena Gerhardt's); on the reverse is another Reger song, *Waldeinsamkeit* (Parlo.). The same company issue in their historical series two arias from *Aida* and *L'Africana* recorded in 1905 by the Spanish tenor Francisco Vignas; clearly he had a fine voice, quite free from the vices of contemporary operatic singing, but he sounds to me an indifferent artist. The delightful Brahms *Zigeunerlieder* are recorded on two Cols. by the New York Madrigal Singers; their singing is only so-so, and it sounds as though more than four voices had been used, which tends to muddy the part-writing; the chief pleasure of these records comes from the crisp playing of the pianist, Dr. Roudebush.

Decca's important issues of songs by Ivor Gurney and of Benjamin Britten's delightful *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge* have not reached me in time for review this month.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 445

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best reflections of one of the following: the skylark on Shelley, the primrose on Wordsworth, the oyster on Erasmus Darwin, the cherry on Housman, the flea on Donne, the kestrel on Auden, the cat on Baudelaire, the tiger on Blake, the camel on Kipling, the spotted persicaria on Browning, the baby on Swinburne, or the hippopotamus on Eliot.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 23rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 443

Set by Stephen Spender

A short time ago a man in New York threatened, after a quarrel with his family, to throw himself off a ledge at the top of a New York skyscraper. He did so, after his family had failed in their intercessions with him, lasting for ten hours. The usual prizes are offered for any reasons, amorous, commercial, political, religious, psychological or scientific, which might dissuade a man firmly determined to commit suicide in the same way and in the present phase of the world's history, from doing so. Entries must not exceed 300 words.

Report by Stephen Spender

The results of this competition went far to explain the terrible dilemma of the unfortunate relatives and friends of the young man who threw himself from the skyscraper, for, even with a week in which to think about it, no one could invent a reason that strikes me immediately as a wholly convincing deterrent. At the back of my mind I had the idea that a person who is determined to throw away his life is perhaps a valuable social asset to-day: how useful he might prove during the Party Congress at Nuremberg or at one of those great fusions of the Axis held in Rome or Berlin! The nearest anyone got to this was Richard Pomfret's suggestion: "Catching sight of the whole Dictatorial Hierarchy swaying on the parapet of the skyscraper opposite." This is hardly an ingenious enough statement of the position; moreover, it is not an argument addressed in words to the would-be suicide, and it comes within a large category of entries which I disqualified because they were impossible. Another of these was "An Earthquake," suggested by R. C. F. S. I had also put "impossible" against Marlin Walsh's (age 15½) suggestion of a strip-tease act to be performed in the window of a skyscraper opposite, but, on reflection, of course the New York police are quite capable of this sort of enterprise. I dismiss it then, on the ground that we cannot make any too crude assumptions about our young man's sexual psychology; it is quite likely that such an exhibition would have an effect quite opposite to the one desired.

This brings me to another class of entries: those which, if I were the young man in question, would certainly only strengthen and hasten my determination. Most of these were of the cheering up variety. T. Frost even goes so far, after telling Henry that he is being "silly" (surely a fatal, though almost inevitable word), as to tell him that "business is looking up" and finally, to promise to take him to a Shirley Temple film. Only the fear of a posthumous libel action would prevent me jumping at that name. John Mair's remarks about "facing up to things" would have the same result. Presumably a person who is so finally determined not to "face up to things" is not going to be deterred by talk about funks and foreigners and cissies and the like. Nor am I entirely convinced by the appeals to happier times which Mr. Mair and several other competitors suggested. One's family, surely, is always peculiarly insensitive about the nature of one's real likes and dislikes, and their appeals to the old days, the "tramps through the Lakes," the "foursomes," and even the "weekend in Paris" are only too likely—in one's suicidal moments—to produce a retching sensation.

Money. I must say I am inclined to think that this is one of the best arguments for or against suicide. Various people suggested that something—if only the young man waited—might be fixed up with Insurance Companies, Radio Corporations, etc. The briefest and most effective of these was Alan R. Thomas's "Don't be a bloody fool—you've just got fifteen right on your pools coupon!"

However, finally, I doubt whether money is amongst the Possible arguments. After all, if by standing on a window ledge the world was as profuse with its offers of financial security as are the entrants to this competition, attempted suicide would be far more frequent. So I have plumped for two entries, the first of which appeals to the never entirely dormant emotion of jealousy, the second to fear. I give first prize to Pax, who sent in far the most amusing and well-written suggestion, second to Redling, who offered what I think to be an argument at least far more convincing than most.

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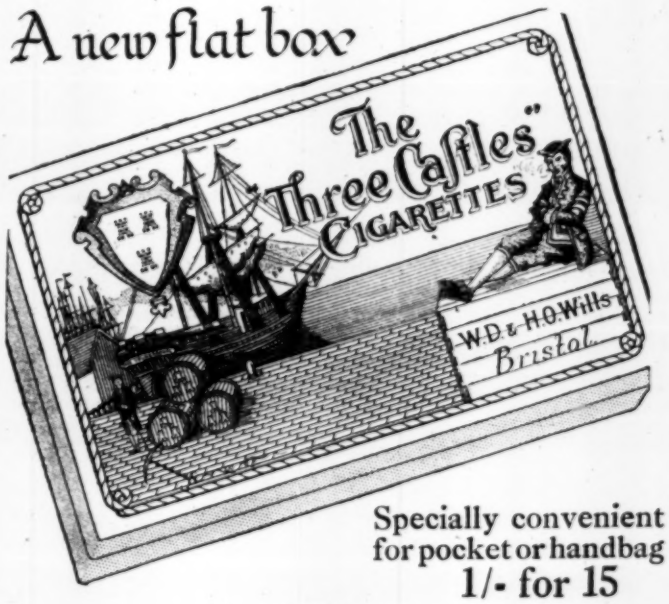

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
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Holborn 3216.

FIRST PRIZE

Model Letter to be Handed to the Would-be Leaping Suicidee, and Adaptable to most Cases of this Type.

Dear Old Chap (1),

Thanks a lot. It's real swell in you to give us a chance of figgering as a Suicidee's Survivors. The boys (2) are real crazy figgering which of them will get which of your things (3), and Bob (4) stands to win 20 bucks because some goop at his work has bet him you won't do it. We've got it all fixed up to go downtown to the Can-Can (5) to-night and have a real swell set out to show ourselves, and then Sadi (6) can have a look around to see who she'll give the oh-boy to next, and my, does she look cute in the dandiest rig—black—from Toutou's (7), so your insurance will be put to good use.

Sorry we can't see you do your stuff, but we have to make the most of our publicity. And also we won't have your picture, as the press-guys say these leaps ain't no news anyway, and why don't they think up something new, and you'll be lucky if you get three lines in the *Evening Star*. But don't get het up. We're having those fire-guys and G-men, etc., called off so that you can have a clear field and won't risk being saved.

We'll be seeing you. (8)

(1) Or other appellation.
(2) Or other members of family.
(3) Detail if liked.
(4) Least liked member of family.
(5) First-class night club.
(6) Girl-friend, fiancée or wife.
(7) First-class couturier.
(8) Those interested.

PAX

SECOND PRIZE

I agree with you that your life is your own and that you are entitled to end it if you so wish. But are you sure that you are going to end it? Many people have fallen from heights as great as this and a large proportion have had miraculous escapes. The possibility is that you too may escape. You may not die, but the chances are millions to one that you will suffer terrible injuries. You may die from them without regaining consciousness. On the other hand, you may linger for days or even years in agony, for the probability is that such a fall will injure your spine and nothing is more appalling than spinal injury. You will lie helpless on your back in never-ceasing pain, unable to move, to do anything for yourself, unable even to summon death to your relief. If your present state of suffering is worse than that, then jump!

REDLING

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 298.—ELOCUTIONARY

"Six of my children," said Mr. Spoutforth Glibly, "have entered for an elocution contest. There are so many prizes for boys and so many for girls. And it is possible—though only just possible—for my family to carry off all the prizes."

"Indeed!" I said. "And how many competitors are there altogether?"

"Twenty. Over half of them girls."

"Twenty," I said. "Glibly, I know your methods. You're going to ask me in a minute to work out how many of the twenty are boys and how many are girls. Having first, I suppose, given me the odds against your family taking all the prizes."

Glibly laughed. "Such odds," he said, "can only be calculated on the very arbitrary assumption that all the boys competing are equally likely to get a prize and that all the girls are equally likely to get a prize. I've worked them out. And I'll tell you something very peculiar, Caliban. If one of the girls competing withdrew, and a boy were entered in her place, the odds against my family's scooping the pool would remain exactly the same."

How many boys, and how many girls, are competing, and how many of each sex are the offspring of Spoutforth Glibly?

PROBLEM 296.—THE PYRAMID AND THE RADIX

Solution by the composer, A. C. Young

The answer is 16.

Suppose u_n is minimum number of moves necessary with set of n pieces. Then

$$\begin{aligned} u_n &= 2u_{n-1} + 1 \\ &= 4u_{n-2} + (1 + 2) \\ &= 8u_{n-3} + (1 + 2 + 4) \\ &\quad \text{etc., etc.} \end{aligned}$$

Hence $u_n = 2^n - 1$

Now suppose the Lama's radix was r. Then

$$r^4 + 4r^3 + 6r^2 + 4r = 2^n - 1$$

i.e. $(1 + r)^4 = 2^n$

Clearly r must be of the form $2^m - 1$.

Trying the possible values of r and n we find only one pair differing by unity—viz., $r = 15$, $n = 16$.

PROBLEM 295.—THE NUMBER CHASE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. L. Deacon, 340 Hurst Road, W. Molesey, Surrey.

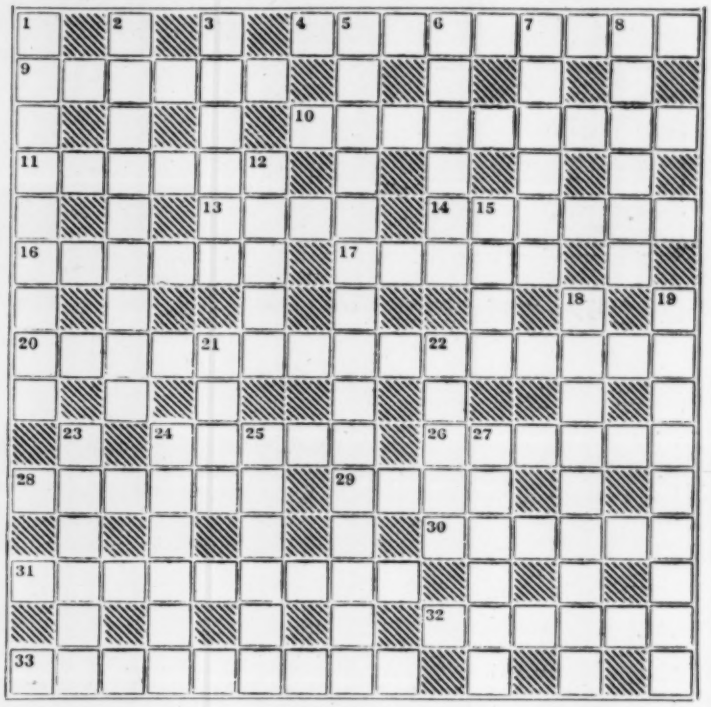
Six points are awarded.

CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 445

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Harris, 45 Fairfield Lane, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs

ACROSS.

4. "But Balkis talked to a — As you would talk to a friend."(9)
9. More ideal place.(6)
10. Behind where the spectators sit?(9)
11. Does not turn into a 4 when a fly settles on it.(6)
13. Wrap a rag round me.(4)
14. It can be got round by water.(6)
16. You might listen for a change.(6)
17. The King in these garments decoratively.(5)
20. These are not what brides wear for going away.(15)
24. Enough of the maple.(5)
26. Withdraw a decree.(6)
28. Sounds like 4 distant.(6)
29. No doubt he makes a row of knots.(4)
30. The milkmaid's drink?(6)
31. When shelled out they are ducky things.(9)
32. You'll see this creature consigned to the Master of Ceremonies somewhere.(6)
33. The finest exhibition at the fashion parade?(9)

DOWN.

1. Does social work in the cells.(9)
2. Helps people to show a clean pair of heels.(9)
3. Workers on the Underground.(6)
5. Beams from beyond the rainbow.(15)
6. It would seem a sin to come up to the net in this game.(6)
7. These are rising people.(6)
8. Inspiriting fastening.(6)
12. Ceremonies that never sound wrong.(5)
15. A skylight.(4)
18. Indoor rifle range?(9)
19. He feels it in the bones.(9)
21. Return of the old ruler of Afghanistan.(4)
22. How wheels are worn out.(5)
23. The way of the river is only slightly different from its source.(6)
24. Pretend to produce a result.(6)
25. When I'm this I I'm not so correct.(6)
27. The present goes on before.(6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	S	T	A	R	T	I	N	G	P	R	I	C	E	■
G	■	A	■	Y	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	A	■	S
R	A	T	E	D	■	S	U	N	K	F	E	N	C	E
A	■	T	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	L
N	E	E	D	L	E	C	A	S	E	■	W	E	L	L
D	■	N	■	■	T	■	I	■	A	■	R	■	I	■
N	E	H	W	Y	A	S	■	S	A	N	D	B	I	N
A	■	A	■	A	■	■	■	■	O	■	U	■	G	■
T	I	M	E	S	U	P	■	M	A	N	T	R	A	P
I	■	C	■	S	■	R	■	A	■	■	Y	■	L	■
O	B	O	L	■	M	O	R	N	I	N	G	T	E	A
N	■	R	■	Z	■	S	■	I	■	O	■	A	■	T
A	N	N	U	I	T	A	N	T	■	S	A	L	V	E
L	■	E	■	N	■	I	■	O	■	C	■	E	■	S
■	■	R	A	C	E	C	O	U	R	S	E	S	■	■

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